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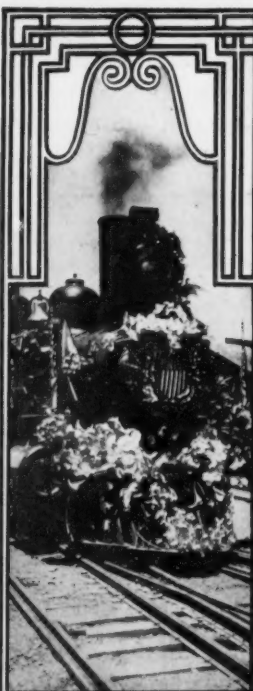
COLLIER'S

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

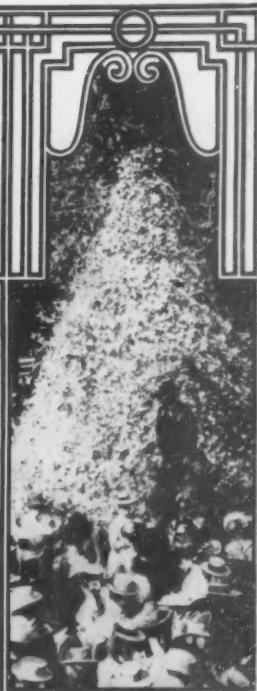
VOL TWENTY-SEVEN NO 10

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PRICE TEN CENTS



THE SANTA CRUZ FLOWER-
DECKED ENGINE



THE MAMMOTH BOUQUET
AT SAN JOSE



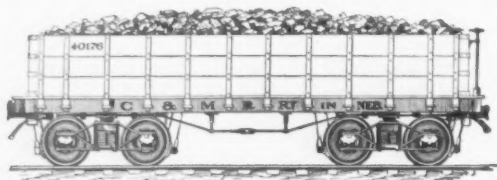
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PRESIDENT MCKINLEY AT SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA

WINDING UP THE PRESIDENTIAL TOUR IN CALIFORNIA

(SEE PAGE 11)

A CAR OF ORE RUNS



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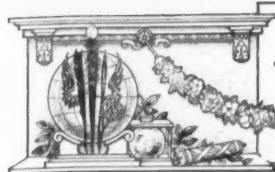
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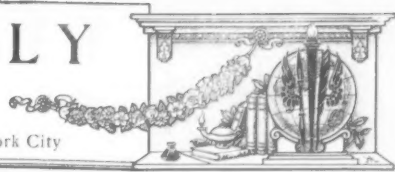


COLLIER'S WEEKLY

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The WEEK

ALL THE WORLD LOVES A GOOD SPORTSMAN, and that is what Sir Thomas Lipton appears to be. There was as much genuine regret in America as in England when the winds ripped *Shamrock II.* to pieces and made necessary a postponement of the Cup races. If the truth were known, probably no tears would be shed in this country if Lipton were to manage to patch up his boat and come over here and lift the Cup. We have had that precious bit of silverware so long that we are somewhat like the small boy who wished his father would get a new wife because he had grown tired seeing his mother around. Besides, a capture of the Cup by our friends from over the sea would warm up the sport, and sport is what we all want, no matter where victory perches her fickle feet. But apparently it is not to be. Probably there are not a hundred persons in the world with



SIR THOMAS LIPTON

any yachting sense about them who believe Lipton has a chance. When it comes to yachting, it is as with everything else pertaining to the salt seas and their craft and capers, we are all more or less superstitious, and, consciously or unconsciously, have our belief in luck and hoodoos. The more we know, or think we know, of yachting—the more we may have had to do with boats and the biny waves and that sort of thing—the more prone we are to this particular sort of fatalism. And Sir Thomas has had bad luck enough, Heaven knows! You couldn't get a deep-sea sailorman to lay a farthing on *Shamrock II.* against the other fellow's shilling. She is a hoodooed boat, and no mistake, according to the popular estimate. It would be worth something to the cause of rationalism if Lipton were to win after all. It would be a victory worth having, not only for its own sake but because it would serve to smother a most lively and exceedingly widespread superstition. Sir Thomas deserves it, too, for his pluck; and for the fact that he meets ill-fortune so bravely, with not the least trace of whining and playing the baby. It was not always thus with our yachting friends from the other side; and that is one reason why Sir Thomas has so many well-wishers in this country. The news that *Independence*, the Boston yacht, is to be permitted to participate in the trial races is altogether satisfactory to the American public. Nothing but fair play goes; and may the best boat win.

ABDUL HAMID, THE SULTAN OF TURKEY, REMINDS one of the fabled sovereign who stood on the sea-shore and commanded the waves to stop running up to his feet. Abdul Hamid has tried to stop the typewriter. It is not the operator of that all-conquering machine—or should we say the all-conquering operator and mention the machine only incidentally?—to whom he objects. His ukase was not due to the jealous intrigues of the ladies of the harem, taking



THE SULTAN OF TURKEY

alarm at "Americanization" of the royal palace. It is the whole business, typewriter and typist, which the Sultan dislikes; and he has ordered that there be no further importations of the hated device into his realm. This ukase and the causes which led to it read like an extract from a comic opera. The Sultan lives in constant dread of assassination. He sees conspiracies behind every bush and in every shadow. The typewriter, he says, facilitates the work of the conspirators, because it enables them to circulate their seditious literature and carry on their correspondence without danger of detection, as the printed sheets have no individual characteristics by which their authors may be traced by the police. So the typewriter must go—or, rather, must not come. Also linographic paste, stencil devices, et cetera. And this in Europe in the twentieth century! It is evident that Turkey needs a dose of that "Americanization" of which the English are now complaining with so much bitterness. It would be a fine idea for Mr. Morgan and some of his organizing lieutenants to form a trust and take the government of Turkey off the Sultan's hands. They could doubtless manage the business at a profit and give Abdul a royal salary and plenty of leisure and ample guarantee against conspiracies into the bargain. That something is wrong in the state of Turkey becomes quite apparent when we consider the developments of the recent international controversy over private post-offices

in Constantinople. The foreign powers have to keep their own post-offices there because the Sultan's postal service is so wretchedly poor. Between incompetency on the one side and spying and censorship on the other, it is about the worst postal service anywhere. . . . Since the above was written, it is reported that the Sultan has succumbed to ridicule and rescinded the ukase. This may be true; but never mind, the principle of misrule remains exactly the same—typewriter or no typewriter.

THE KAISER GAVE THE WORLD A LITTLE SURPRISE the other day, too. He issued orders that hereafter no representative of the press should be admitted to the banquet halls and other semi-public places where he is to make a speech. The Emperor says his remarks have been misquoted; and even when published accurately have sometimes done harm because they were not intended for general distribution, but were for the ears of the army alone. The best way to cure the evils complained of, which is for the Kaiser to stop talking, seems never to have occurred to him. The inference is that he must talk; and as talking is necessary to his happiness if not to his existence, he wants to talk to his officers alone. Germans resent this. They look upon it as another proof that the Kaiser regards the army as something closer to the sovereign than the people; that the people are to be tolerated simply, and in case of need are to be overawed by the army; while the officers, the real aristocrats of modern Germany, are the only ones who are fit to receive their master's confidences. Germans do not like this sort of thing, and many of them, both in and out of Germany, are expressing their sentiments with remarkable frankness. This incident, as well as the Sultan's trouble with the typewriters, tends to show that things need a lively shaking up in the Old World. Imagine Lord Salisbury or President McKinley assuming that his speeches on general topics should not go beyond the ears of his army officers; that the people were not to be trusted with them. And as for misquotations, surely stenography is not a lost art in Fatherland, and the typewriter has not yet been banished from that realm. It would be very easy for the Kaiser's secretary to see to it that his master's precious speeches were taken down in shorthand and duplicate copies made for the press, as Secretary Cortelyou does for President McKinley. But the Sultan and the Kaiser seem determined to contribute each his quota to the interesting annals of the curiosities of modern royalty.



THE EMPEROR OF GERMANY
(A NEW PORTRAIT)

IT IS WORTHY OF NOTE THAT GOVERNOR ALLEN of Porto Rico, on returning to his post of duty a few days ago, was received by the people of the island with warm acclaim. This joyous reception of the American who heads their government indicates that the Porto Ricans are not as much dissatisfied with the existing régime as reports have sought to make out. It is significant, too, that just before his return Governor Allen declared his opinion that the present or colonial form of government was best for the island and would be for a long time to come. This statement, along with certain other developments of equal interest, has vindicated the wisdom of those American statesmen who declared none of our new possessions was actually fit for self-government by the territorial method. Experience in both Porto Rico and Hawaii confirms this view. In neither have the limited powers accorded to the local legislatures been wisely used. Wider powers would doubtless have led to anarchy or the need of American intervention. It has taken the sentimentalists of our country a long time to learn that liberty is a splendid word in poetry, but in the practical affairs of life is liable to many abuses. People who never ruled themselves, and who come of a race in which self-government is neither traditional nor instinctive, may need many generations of training before they are fit to assume full responsibility. Notwithstanding American prejudices, a colonial form of government, in which the paramount country gives solidity, central authority, guarantees of continuity, and furnishes a reserve force great enough to correct all mistakes or evil tendencies, is after all the best for many half-developed regions. The Hawaiian Islands were supposed to have become fully Americanized, yet the legislature at Honolulu has given us some fine examples of what a legislature should not be or do. When a country like the United States acquires new posses-



GOVERNOR ALLEN

sions, the first impulse, creditably enough, is the sentimental and generous one: "We have liberty and self-government, and we shall give the same to our wards." A little experience brings on a second thought, which is that complete liberty of self-government is an instrument, glorious in itself, but which no people should be given till they have learned how to use it without hurting themselves.

"SHIRT-SLEEVE DIPLOMACY" HAS FOUND A NEW exponent in Senator Lodge of Massachusetts. The press of both Europe and America is jacketing him for his Monroe Doctrine speech at the formal opening of the Buffalo Exposition. There are also hints from Washington that the Administration is anything but pleased with the utterances of the man from Massachusetts. The trouble is not that Mr. Lodge is a staunch advocate of the famous Doctrine; that we all are. It is that in his Buffalo address he out-Monroed Monroe by virtually declaring that no European Government could be permitted to acquire a coaling station in the Caribbean Sea or South America. This is not the Monroe Doctrine; but something far and away from it. So far away, indeed, that our government has never assumed any such attitude and probably never will. We should only invite trouble if we did. Of course, we should infinitely prefer that neither Germany nor any other European power acquired coaling stations near our coasts. But if they wish to do so, and can strike the necessary bargains with the owners of the soil, we cannot interfere unless we wish to be told to mind our own business. To attempt to find justification for such interference in Monroeism is only to subject that principle to ridicule and to the danger of falling to pieces through being used to bolster up claims it was never intended to stand for. Already a German paper of influence has declared that "the Monroe Doctrine is not worth the paper it is written on." The German paper is right, if it measures the Doctrine by Mr. Lodge's unfortunate interpretation. But if German editors do not understand, German diplomats certainly do, that the real Monroe Doctrine is worth a good many reams of paper. It is a principle which America is committed to and which America will fight for if the need arises. But all the probabilities are that the need will not arise.



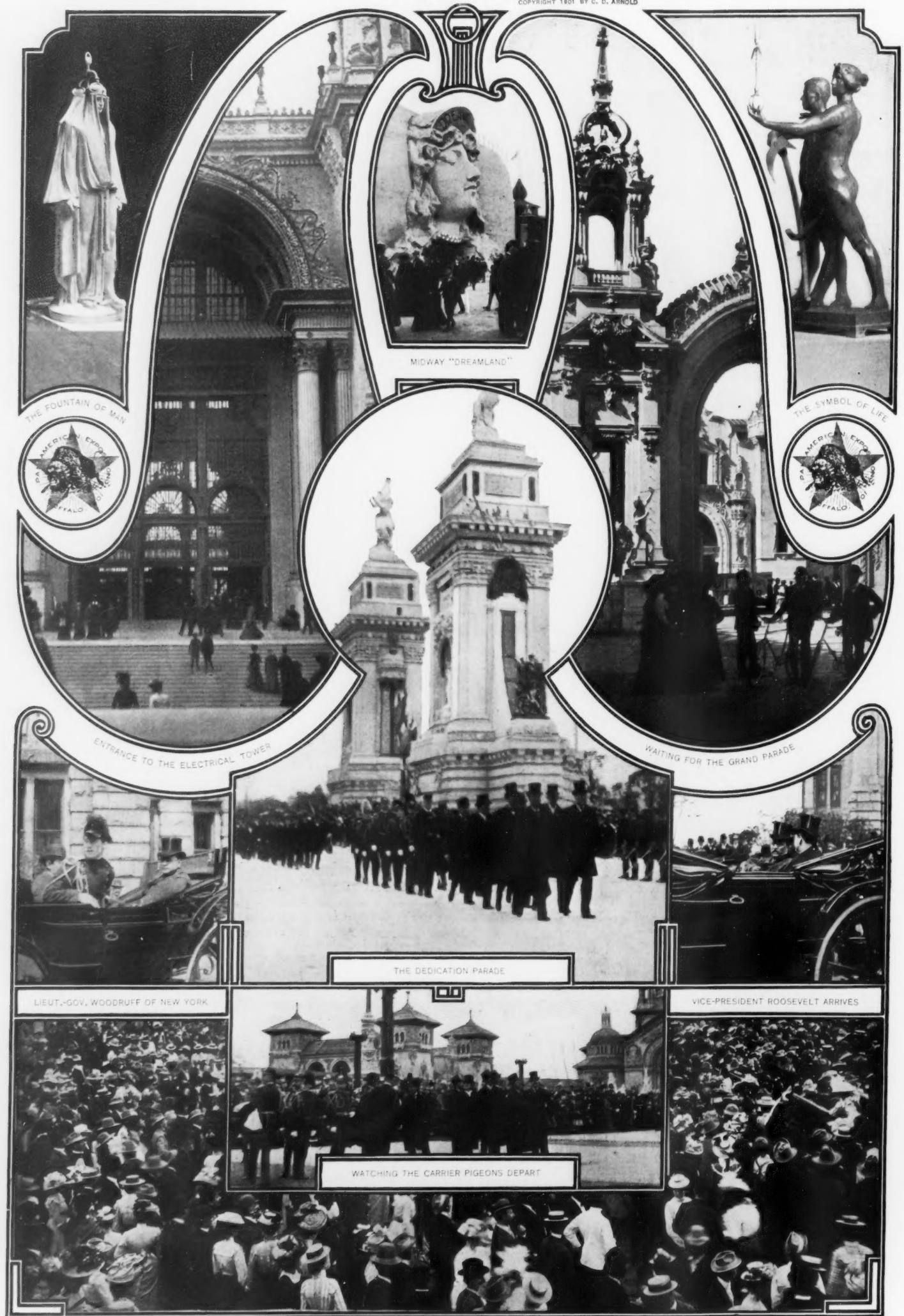
SENATOR LODGE

THERE MUST BE AN ISTHMIAN CANAL, SOMEHOW and somewhere. The American people appear to have made up their minds to that. When the battleship *Oregon* steamed all the way around the southern end of the continent in order to get into the Spanish-American frolic in Cuban waters, there was afforded an object-lesson which did more to create public sentiment in favor of an isthmian canal than all the preaching and philosophizing of a half-century. But which route shall be chosen? And how are we to settle up our old bargain with England about the isthmian canal business? These are problems which just now engross much of the activities of our statesmen, financiers, diplomats and engineers. The Canal Commission, with Admiral Walker at its head, is soon to present its final report as to the various routes. The choice lies between Nicaragua and Panama. The latter can be built cheaper by a hundred millions or more, and will be a better canal when finished. But it is several hundred miles further south. Besides, the Panama enterprise has been so over-financed and so badly managed by the French that it is feared if we attempt to buy out the rights of the present company we shall have to pay off no end of share and bond holders. Again, the title and the diplomatic surroundings are not as clear as in the case of Nicaragua. As for the treaty with England, it is well known that Secretary Hay and Lord Pauncefoot have agreed upon the principles of a new treaty abrogating the old convention, and that the British Ambassador will soon confer with his government concerning the plan. British public opinion, which at first was much hurt by our amendments to the former treaty, now seems to be taking a more comfortable view. Many of the leading British journals are urging their government virtually to stand aside and permit the United States to do what they like about an isthmian canal. In this country the prevailing opinion is that if England does the right thing we should arrange with her before going ahead; but if England asks hard conditions we should abrogate the old treaty and go ahead anyway.



ADMIRAL WALKER

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DEDICATION OF THE PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION AT BUFFALO

THE FORMAL OPENING, ON MONDAY, MAY 20, OF BUFFALO'S BIG FAIR, PARTICIPATED IN BY MANY NOTABLE PUBLIC MEN FROM VARIOUS PARTS OF THE COUNTRY, AND A VAST CONCOURSE OF SIGHTSEERS, INCLUDING THE BULK OF THE CITIZENS OF BUFFALO



COMMERCIAL OPPORTUNITIES IN JAPAN

By KOGORO TAKAHIRA, Japanese Minister to the United States

IN ASKING me to say something about the present and future commercial relations between Japan and the United States, COLLIER'S WEEKLY is asking me to do something that is very pleasant.

Japan feels very near to the United States. This feeling of friendliness began with the visit of Commodore Perry to our shores, which let in a great flood of new light from the West, and it has increased as American ingenuity has shortened the distance, measured in hours of travel, between the two countries. It has also been very greatly increased and deepened, I am sure, by the association of the armies of the Empire and of the Republic in the movement to safeguard the highest interests of civilization in the East. This association revealed, in a striking way, the fact that the United States are now an Eastern power, and that the interests of America are very closely related to those of Japan. It was the beginning, I believe, of a new impulse in the development of a far greater trade in the Pacific and of warmer feelings of friendship.

Japan especially welcomes this prospect. I do not believe that any country has shown a more earnest desire for the improvement of commercial relations with other countries than has Japan. While we have shown this desire with respect to all countries alike, we have been particularly anxious to better our relations with the United States. I shall give some specific reasons for this further on, but shall say here that Japan feels more and more convinced that, for trade, she must eventually look to the shores of the Pacific, and that the greatest of waters must be dominated in the near future by the merchant vessels of the Empire and of the United States.

THE "YANKEES OF THE EAST" TO THE YANKEES OF THE WEST, GREETING

We have witnessed, without envy or jealousy, the swift growth of our young rival across the Pacific. We felt that it was to be for all time a rivalry of friends, an amicable and good-natured competition for trade. There is room enough for both countries to exploit themselves. There is trade enough for both; and, while there must inevitably be sharp competition in certain fields of commerce, the presence and labors of each will aid the other. If America develops the Philippines and Hawaii, Japan will be benefited to a large extent. If Japan, on the other hand, more extensively opens up Formosa and other parts of the Empire to trade, the United States must reap their share of the harvest. Both, it is clear, must benefit by the development of China, for which both are now striving.

Again, Japan has a population of about 45,000,000, with manifold needs. American can supply them. The United States have a still larger population, with many needs that Japan can, perhaps, supply. Each country, therefore, offers to the other an extensive field for trade development. We have much that we can sell to America; you have much that we want to buy. It is for these reasons that we have been able to watch without feelings of envy or jealousy the marvellous growth of your country. We have felt, also, that Japan is a young nation, that the transformation accomplished within the last few years has given us a new birth among the peoples of the world. We start fairly with the United States, then, in this friendly rivalry for the trade of the Pacific.

One of the most notable movements now occurring in the East is, I think, the steady, sure and rapid development of American commerce. You are supplying the East with many kinds of products which you did not supply some years ago. This is especially true as to Japan.

THE MIKADO'S ENORMOUS MARKET FOR AMERICAN PRODUCTS

The reason for this seems plain. A few years ago the United States could hardly do more than supply their great home market. Now they are looking to the outside world, and particularly to the East. Again, the East found Western products, and especially Western machinery and implements, as represented by the markets of the countries of Europe, far enough in advance of its own to be attractive and satisfactory. But now you Americans are showing us articles and ideas that please us as much or more. We like your manufactured articles because they represent the furthest advance in science and mechanics. Besides, they are cheap. I believe, therefore, that the United States can increase their trade in Japan and throughout the East just as rapidly as they can convince the people there of the superiority and cheapness of American goods.

The Japanese are greatly in favor of American products and ideas. We want the latest mechanical devices, the most advanced theories and principles of industry and manufacture, and we feel that we can get them from America. This was not true a few years ago, when the United States were not so far advanced as they are to-day, and Japan looked mainly to Europe for Western ideas and Western trade. We have now begun to look across the Pacific.

There has been a twofold revelation in the opening up of the East. The East saw and knew the West for the first time; but the West saw and appreciated the East also. Our mutual relations can never be again what they were twenty, ten, or even five years ago. We have progressed beyond that

point. Hereafter there must be closer trade relations and closer relations of friendship and sympathy. Your country is vast, and, as its population is rapidly increasing, your home market must long continue to be a more profitable field for enterprise than the foreign market. It is not so in Japan. We need foreign trade far more than the United States do. As our manufacturing and industrial interests develop, we will have to push our commercial agencies further and further from home, and send our ships into more distant ports. Perhaps we shall shortly reach, at least in the principal portions of Japan, what economists call the saturation point, at which foreign trade and enterprise, a large export and import, will be absolutely necessary for the maintenance of our population. We manufacture or produce many articles that Americans need and use, and which you are buying from us more and more. We are encouraging this trade in every possible way, and we are also, at the same time, encouraging the importation from America of the things we need that you can furnish.

THE PART HAWAII AND THE PHILIPPINES WILL PLAY IN THE GAME

The United States have recently taken important steps toward the development of commerce in the Pacific. I refer principally to the acquisition of Hawaii and the Philippines. The conduct of the Americans in China, and the general attitude of the American Government and people will also, no doubt, have fruitful results when the Chinese Empire is finally opened to the commerce and trade of the world. But the result in the Philippines and in Hawaii will, of course, be seen sooner and will be felt more directly. Prior to the occupation of the Philippines by the United States, there was little or no trade with the islands and Japan. Either insurrection was in progress or threatened, and no efficient effort could be made to develop trade, even in times of peace. The Americans are changing all that. They are restoring order, and trade is springing up. The Philippine archipelago will some day be very important in a commercial sense. Its agricultural, mineral and timber resources are excellent, and only need encouragement and continued peace and good order to be profitably exploited.

As to Japan's interests in the Philippines, I should say that they are commercial entirely. The climate and natural conditions there are not very favorable to the Japanese. We hope, however, that with the utilization of American energy and enterprise, trade conditions will improve, and that Japan may have an opportunity to share in the future commerce of the archipelago.

Hawaii is nearer to America than it is to Japan. The United States have already obtained a firm hold upon its trade. Still, there are a large number of Japanese in Hawaii, and Japan will, I believe, always have a considerable trade with the islands. We feel that the development of both Hawaii and the Philippines will be of lasting benefit to the trade of Japan. There, as well as in other parts of the territory of the United States, we should be able to carry on a large and mutually profitable trade with America.

WE CAN CLOTHE AND FEED JAPAN AND KEEP HER IN LUXURIES

We are looking, however, beyond such restricted trade areas as Hawaii and the Philippine Islands. We are anxious to encourage the natural development of commerce between Japan and the home territory of the United States. This commerce, as I have said, has practically just commenced. It is yet in its infancy. But we may infer something as to the size of the future trade between the two countries from the rapidity of its early growth and its already considerable proportions.

Japan, like England, must always be a country of large importations. In this respect, the United States have a tremendous advantage over us. You will be able to sell us more than you will buy of us. But be it so, Japan wants to buy in the cheapest and best markets. We should like to purchase as largely as possible of the United States. Japan imports now more than 480 different varieties of articles. These importations vary from foodstuffs and clothing to raw material for manufacturing purposes, and a great variety of manufactured goods and machinery. Japan imports rice, even, which is much like saying that America imports cotton. But rice and many other foodstuffs are consumed by an ever-increasing population that is fast turning its attention and energies away from agriculture toward commerce and manufacturing. We must, therefore, rely to a large extent upon importing foodstuffs. The import of rice alone increased from 1,400,000 piculs in 1893 to 11,700,000 in 1898.

HERE IS A WAITING MARKET FOR FLOUR, WINE, MILK, BUTTER

We import large quantities of flour from several countries, principally from the United States. In 1893, we bought from you 8,870,000 cabbies; and five years later we bought from you more than 38,000,000 cabbies. From all other countries in 1898 we took only about 800,000 cabbies.

We are importing about 70,000 gallons of wine yearly from the United States, while five years ago we imported only 15,000 gallons. Only France now sells us more wine than

America. About one-half of the condensed milk we use and one-third of the butter we consume come from the United States.

-CIGARETTES, CIGARS, OIL, IRON AND AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS

You sell us nearly all our cigarettes, while your new possessions, the Philippines, sell us our cigars. Great Britain and the United States sell to Japan 28,760,000 cabbies of the 29,730,000 cabbies of alcohol that we import yearly. Of this total the United States sell us about 5,760,000 cabbies; but the trade started only three years ago, when some 6,750 cabbies were imported.

The United States are practically ousting every other country from the trade in kerosene oil. In 1893 you sold Japan 27,000,000 gallons, while Russia during the same year sold us 22,500,000 gallons. In 1898 the United States sold us 48,000,000 gallons, against 16,000,000 gallons imported from Russian Asia.

We began to import pig iron from the United States in 1897, and bought 4,640,000 cabbies, as against 62,000,000 cabbies from Great Britain. The following year we bought 75,000,000 cabbies from England, but 22,600,000 from the United States. We have found the American market so good and cheap that the importations of iron will, I am sure, grow very rapidly from this time. We need it more daily in the rapidly developing manufacturing interests of Japan.

The history of the importation of iron nails will furnish an apt illustration of the growth of American trade with Japan. In 1893 we imported from the United States only 4,650 cabbies out of a total of 20,181,000 cabbies. In 1898, five years later, we imported altogether 34,000,000 cabbies of iron nails, of which the United States sold us 21,000,000 cabbies.

The same is true, in differing degrees, of all imports. We are looking to the United States more and more every year to supply us with the best class of machinery and tools. We are also importing more farm implements of the most advanced types from America. There is no doubt that in all these lines the United States can develop a far greater trade in Japan.

WHAT WE GET FROM JAPAN

What does America import from Japan? It may astonish many Americans to be told that the United States import more in value from Japan than any other country. In 1891 the United States bought of Japan 28,000,000 yen worth of goods. (The silver yen is equal to about fifty cents of American money.) In 1898 the exports to the United States reached the value of 47,500,000 yen. In the same year the exports to Great Britain amounted in value to only 8,000,000 yen, and to China, just across a narrow sea, they amounted to 29,000,000 yen. The value of the exports to France is about 20,000,000 yen.

It will be noted that even now America is our best customer. It is very probable that the value of our exports to the United States will double in another ten years.

What is Japan doing to develop her trade with the United States? Appreciating the great value and far-reaching importance of this trade, it is but reasonable that Japan should strive to foster and increase it. The Empire is seeking to do this in many ways, and it may be of interest to describe briefly a few of them.

HOW KO-KO WILL GATHER UP HIS TEA

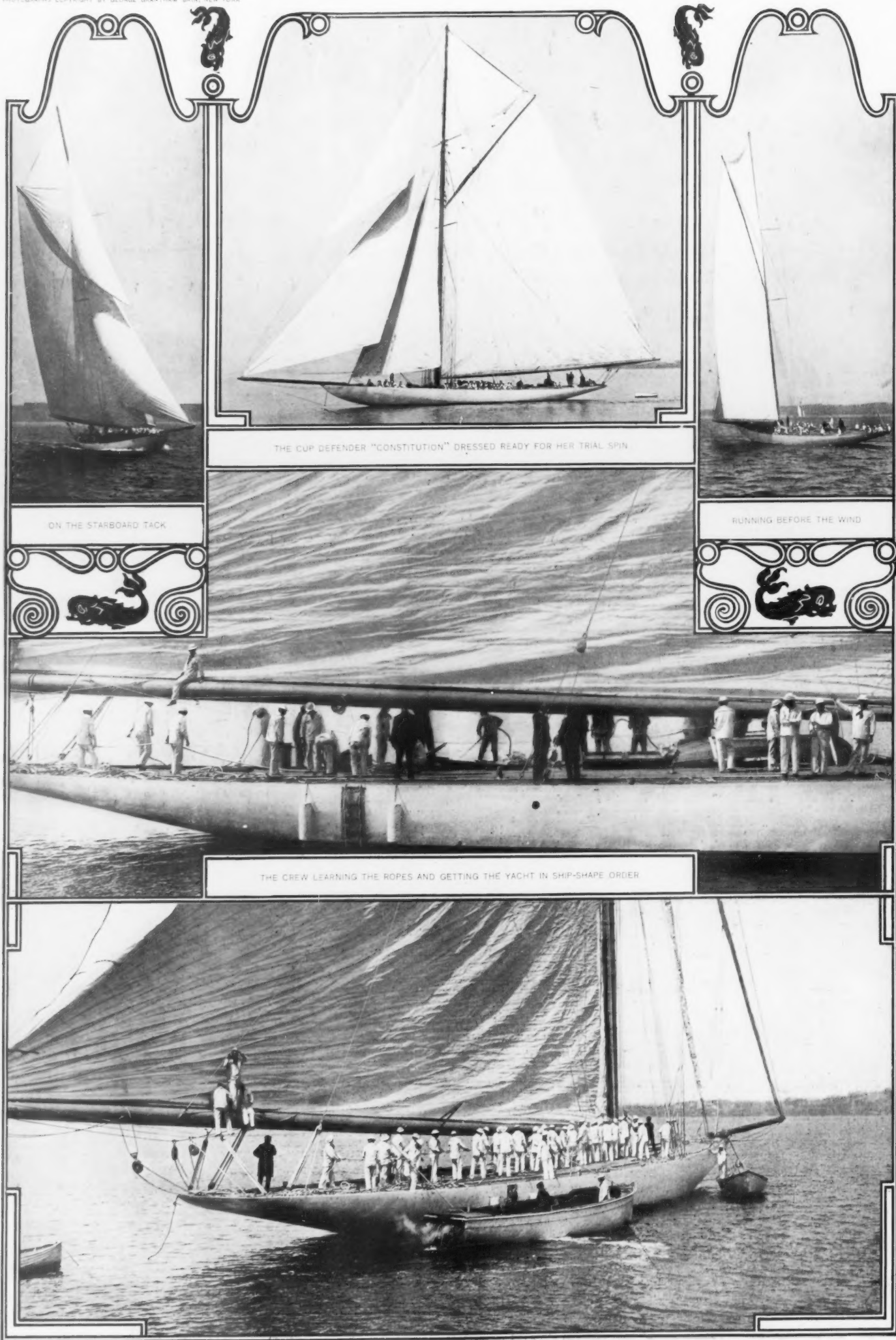
In the first place, Japan, while bountifully supplied by nature with magnificent water highways which give to the remotest parts of the Empire a means of rapid and cheap transportation, the interior of the islands has not yet been sufficiently developed in respect to railways. These will come, and are, indeed, now coming fast. We have good lines of railway traversing the most populous and richest portions of the larger islands; but many more lines are needed, together with interconnections, before the whole of the interior will have ready and cheap means of access to the ports. Without these means of internal transportation, the exports and imports of the Empire are somewhat restricted. The necessary development is being pushed forward as rapidly as is possible under existing conditions in Japan. The government fully recognizes the need of the best facilities for internal transportation, and Japan will soon have a complete, or nearly complete, system of railways connecting every part of the country with the seaports. The perfecting of this system of railways will, of course, greatly increase the trading capacity of Japan both for imports and exports. Great interest is being taken, also, in the waterways of the Empire. We have very few navigable streams, and these few are navigable for only short distances from the sea, and by small vessels; but we are making the most of these, and we are improving and deepening harbors, improving the channels between the islands, and providing better facilities for docking and loading and unloading of ships.

JAPAN HAS SUBSIDIZED SHIPS FOR HER CARRYING TRADE

In order to promote a great foreign trade, the government of Japan, like that of England, has resorted to the principle

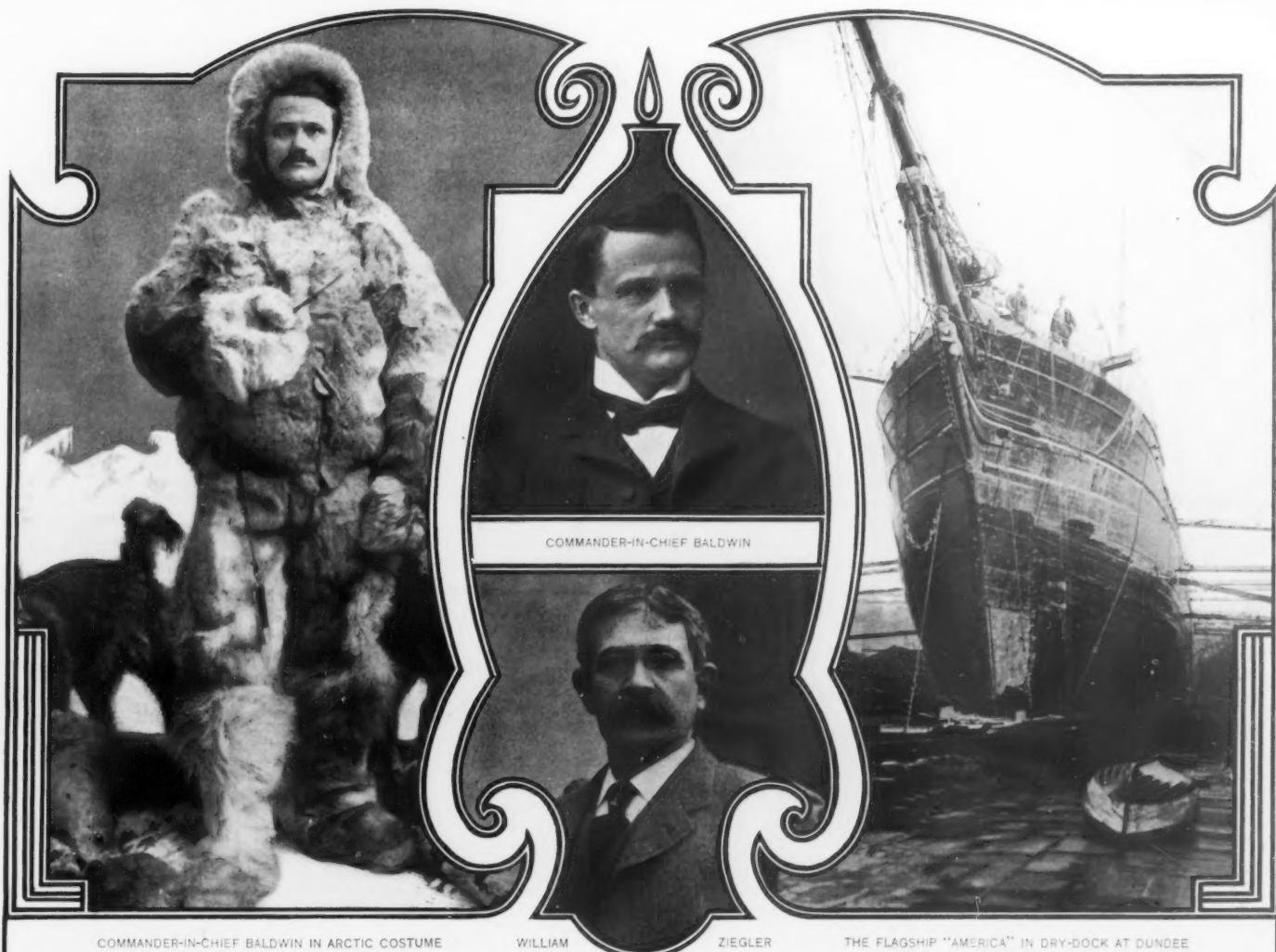
(CONCLUDED ON PAGE 14)

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THE TRIAL SPIN OF THE CUP DEFENDER "CONSTITUTION" OFF BRISTOL

(SEE PAGE 21)



THE BALDWIN-ZIEGLER POLAR EXPEDITION

By F. P. BALDWIN



A POLAR BUOY

THE UNIVERSAL INTEREST manifested this year in the search for the North Pole is unprecedented in the history of Polar exploration. No less than six expeditions, backed by as many nations, are in the field, all commanded by men of unquestioned courage and ability, and each sanguine of success. Russia, Germany, Italy, Norway, Canada, and our own country will vie with each other for the distinction of being the first to discover the long-sought region where latitude and longitude are not.

It is due to the enterprise and patriotism of Mr. William Ziegler of New York that the most perfectly equipped of all these expeditions will represent the United States in this great international race for Polar honors. The Baldwin-Ziegler polar expedition, as it is called, will leave New York on June 8, under command of Evelyn Briggs Baldwin, the well-known Arctic voyager and meteorologist, whose experience, backed by the unlimited capital placed at his disposal by Mr. Ziegler, ensures at least a bettering of the Polar record, if not the actual discovery of the elusive Pole itself. At present the Italian Duke of the Abruzzi, who last year penetrated the ice-fields as far as $86^{\circ} 33'$, holds the honor of having been "furthest north"—but by a very narrow margin, Nansen having reached $86^{\circ} 14'$ in 1895. In 1607, Hudson attained $80^{\circ} 23'$, and this record was subsequently surpassed by Phipps in 1773 ($80^{\circ} 48'$); by Scoresby in 1806 ($81^{\circ} 12' 42''$); by Parry in 1827 ($82^{\circ} 45'$); by Markham in 1876 ($83^{\circ} 23'$); by Greely in 1881 ($83^{\circ} 24'$); and by Nansen and AbruZZi as stated above.

PERSONNEL OF THE AMERICAN EXPEDITION

Evelyn Briggs Baldwin, the organizer and commander of the expedition, was born in Springfield, Mo., in 1862. He is a man of medium stature whose face, kindly and clean-cut, expresses energy and courage in a marked degree. He was the meteorologist of the Peary expedition of 1893-1894, and, but for the fact that there was no room for him, would have shared the fate of Andr  e in the latter's tragic balloon voyage from Spitzbergen in 1897. After making extensive observations of auroral displays, and Arctic meteorological studies, Mr. Baldwin joined the Wellman expedition of 1898-1899. His reports will be incorporated in the forthcoming annual of the United States Weather Bureau.

On the present expedition Mr. Baldwin will have a party numbering about forty, including many well-known scientists. Two vessels will be used. The *America*, the flagship

of the expedition, was formerly known as the *Esquimaux*, the crack whaler of the Dundee fleet. Her dimensions are: Length, 157 feet; beam, 27 feet; depth, 19 feet. She is a three-masted sailing vessel of 466 tons net burden, with auxiliary steam power. The *Frithjof*, also a steam-sailing vessel, but smaller (260 tons net), has been chartered to serve as a supply tender to the *America*.

COMMANDER BALDWIN'S PLANS

Commander Baldwin's plans, as recently announced, are as follows: The personnel of the expedition will leave New York about June 8 for Dundee, Scotland, where they will board the *America* and proceed to Sandefjord and Troms  , in Norway. At Troms   she will be joined by the *Frithjof*. The *Frithjof* will carry a party of skilled hunters into the ice-fields for the purpose of procuring a cargo of bear, seal and walrus meat which will be landed at various designated points in Franz Josef Land. These deposits will be picked up later by the *America*. Meanwhile the *America* will proceed from Troms   to the White Sea to take on four hundred Siberian dogs and twenty Siberian ponies which are now being brought overland to the north coast of Russia. This accomplished, she will rejoin the *Frithjof* at Franz Josef Land, and both vessels will then steam northward as far as the conditions of the ice will permit, when the *Frithjof* will return to Norway. The *America* will remain in Franz Josef Land as a movable base of supplies. Aided by his immense transport train, Mr. Baldwin expects to be able to advance his entire equipment to the most northerly point of land in the Franz Josef archipelago before the long Arctic night closes in. Here houses will be erected and the party made snug and comfortable for the long period of inactivity which must ensue. In the spring of 1902, with the coming of dawn, Mr. Baldwin, with his chosen companions, will set out upon his perilous journey over the ice-pack Poleward.

MAGNIFICENT AND UNIQUE EQUIPMENT

Of former Polar expeditions it may be said that many were hampered by meagre equipment. This was notably true of those headed by De Long and Greely. But the Baldwin expedition will carry everything that money can buy or experience suggest to aid in the accomplishment of its purpose. Large quantities of ruberoid, for instance, will form part of the *America's* cargo. Ruberoid is a building material only one-fourth as bulky as the lightest wood material known. Thus, Mr. Baldwin's party will have permanent and solid wind shelters instead of the usual insufficient canvas shields. These will greatly enhance their comfort and aid them to endure the severe strain of long sledge journeys. Sufficient food for over three years will be taken, although it is expected the expedition will return within twenty-seven months. Pemican, made of desiccated lean beef, suet, currants and sugar, forms the staple Arctic diet. Only the choicest parts of the beef are used in its manufacture, and over twenty carloads of this beef were required for the expedition's pemmi-

can alone. Seventy-two thousand eggs, evaporated and "crystallized" and packed in fifteen hundred tins, is only one item in the list of provisions. Nor will the explorers want for luxuries. Coffee, tea, milk and canned delicacies of all kinds have been provided in almost fabulous quantities.

EVEN FAILURE WILL DO MUCH FOR SCIENCE

Conceding failure in its primary object—a proposition, by the way, which Commander Baldwin will not listen to—the expedition's work will do much for the cause of science. The most modern instruments for scientific research will be taken, and these will be manned by eminent specialists. Efforts will be made to discover traces of Andr  e and of the two men lost from the AbruZZi expedition of 1900. It is also hoped that some of the Melville-Bryant drift casks, which were loosed in Bering Sea in 1899, may be recovered, thus determining data concerning the ice current known to sweep across the Polar area.

The Baldwin-Ziegler expedition is thoroughly American. Led by an American, financed by an American, with American citizens as its rank and file, it has the hearty God-speed of the whole nation in its endeavor to float the Stars and Stripes first at the Pole.

THE ARCTIC CLUB'S FAREWELL DINNER

A farewell banquet, to speed Explorer Baldwin and the members of his expedition on their way to the frozen North, was given by the Arctic Club, at the Hotel Marlborough, New York, May 23. President Brewer presented the flag of the Club to Mr. Baldwin, who, as he accepted it, promised to make every attempt that human energy and fidelity could do to place it above the very Pole itself.

The flag of the Arctic Club is a small silken banner of pale green, in whose upper left-hand corner is the Stars and Stripes and from whose green field stands out a white Polar bear. This flag is also being borne by Lieutenant Peary, and in all probability at this moment is far beyond the regions even of the "lean white bear."

There were gathered at the dinner members of Arctic expeditions dating as far back as that of Kane to those of the present day. The venerable Amos Bonsall, the sole survivor of Kane's expedition, sat at the president's left, while Henry Biederb  ck represented the Greely expedition, one of the six men out of twenty-five who were rescued from starvation by a relief expedition under Commander, now Admiral, Schley, who sent his regrets at not being able to be present. Among the speakers of the evening were Dr. Frederick A. Cook, Amos Bonsall, Henry C. Walsh, Major Pond, Julian Hawthorne, John C. Higgins, Consul at Dundee; J. W. Davidson, Consul at Formosa; Albert Operi, and Hugh J. Lee, who formerly with Peary made a dash for the Pole.

The Baldwin-Ziegler expedition is probably the best equipped, as it is the strongest in point of numbers, that has ever set out to question the Sphinx of the North, and it was given an enthusiastic send-off by the Arctic Club.

THE NIGHTMAN'S STORY

BY FRANK H. SPEARMAN.



NELLIE CASSIDY DESPISED OPERATORS

THE SECOND OF A SERIES OF STORIES WRITTEN BY FRANK H. SPEARMAN, FOR "COLLIER'S WEEKLY," PRESENTING THE PERILS AND HUMOR OF THE LIFE OF THE RAILROAD MAN. ILLUSTRATED BY JAY HAMBIDGE

was offered the presidency of a Cincinnati bank by a private detective agency which had just sent up the active head of the institution for ten years; but as Bullhead was unable to arrange transportation east of the river he had to let the opportunity pass.

When the widow Lyons asked Callahan to put Jamie at telegraphing the assistant superintendent nearly fell off his chair. But Mrs. Lyons was in earnest, as the red-haired man soon found by the way his shirts were starched. Her son, meantime, had gotten hold of a sounder, and was studying telegraphy, corresponding at the same time with the Cincinnati detective agency for the town and county rights to all hidden and undiscovered crime on the mountain division—rights offered at the very reasonable price of ten dollars by registered mail, bank draft, or express money order, currency at sender's risk. The only obligations imposed by this deal were secrecy and a German silver star, and Bullhead, after holding his trusting mother up for the ten, became a regularly installed detective with proprietary rights to local misdeeds. Days he plied his sounder, and nights he lay awake trying to mix up Pete Beezer and Neighbor with the disappearance of various bunches of horses from the Bar M ranch.

About the same time he became interested in dentistry; not that there was any obvious connection between railroading and detective work and filling teeth—but his thoughts just turned that way, and, following the advice of a local dentist, who didn't want altogether to discourage him, Bullhead borrowed a pair of forceps and pulled all the teeth out of a circular saw to get his arm into practice. Before the dentist pronounced him proficient, though, his mother had Callahan reduced to terms, and the assistant superintendent put Bullhead among the operators.

That was a great day for Bullhead. He had to take the worst of it, of course; sweeping the office and that; but whatever his faults the boy did as he was told. Only one vicious habit clung to him—he had a passion for reading the rules. In spite of this, however, he steadily mastered the taking, and, as for sending, he could do that before he got out of the cuspidor department. Everybody around the Wickiup bullied him, and maybe that was his salvation. He got used to expecting the worst of it, and nerved himself to take it; which in railroading is half the battle.

A few months after he became competent to handle a key the nightman at Goose River Junction went wrong. When Callahan told Bullhead he thought about giving him the job the boy went wild with excitement, and in a burst of confidence showed Callahan his star. It was the best thing that ever happened, for the assistant head of the division had an impulsive way of swearing the nonsense out of a boy's head, and when Bullhead confessed to being a detective a fiery stream was poured on him. The foolishness couldn't quite all be driven out in one round; but Jamie Lyons went to Goose River fairly well informed as to how much of a fool he was.

Goose River Junction is not a lively place. It has been claimed that even the buzzards at Goose River Junction play solitaire. But apart from the utter loneliness it was hard to hold operators there on account of Nellie Cassidy. A man rarely stayed at Goose River past the second pay-check. When he got money enough to resign he resigned; and all because Nellie Cassidy despised operators.

The lunch counter which Matt Cassidy, Nellie's father, ran at the Junction was just an adjunct for feeding train crews and the few miners who wandered down from the Glencoe spur. Matt himself took the night turn, but days it was Nellie who heated the Goose River coffee and dispensed the pie—contract pie made at Medicine Bend, and sent by local freight classified as ammunition, loaded and released, O. R.

It was Nellie's cruelty that made the frequent shifts at Goose River. Not that she was unimpressible, or had no heroes. She had; but they were in the engine and train service. It was the smart-uniformed young conductors and the kerchiefed juvenile engineers on the fast runs to whom Nellie paid deference, and for whom she served the preferred doughnuts.

But this was nothing to Bullhead. He had his head so full of things when he took his new position that he failed to observe Nellie's contempt. He was just passing out of the private detective stage; just getting over his dental beginnings; just rising to the responsibility of the key, and a month devoted to his immediate work and the study of the rules passed like a limited train. Previous to the coming of Bullhead, no Goose River man had tried the study of the rules as a remedy for loneliness; it proved a great scheme; but it aroused the unmeasured contempt of Nellie Cassidy. She scorned Bullhead unspeakably, and her only uneasiness was that he seemed unconscious of it.

However, the little Goose River girl had no idea of letting him escape that way. When scorn became clearly useless she tried cajolery—she smiled on Bullhead. Not till then did he give up; her smile was his undoing. It was so absolutely novel to Bullhead, who had never got anything but kicks and curses and frowns. Before Nellie's smiles, judiciously administered, Bullhead melted like the sugar she began to sprinkle in his coffee. That was what she wanted; when he was fairly dissolved, Nellie, like the coffee, went gradually cold. Bullhead became then miserable, and to her life at Goose River became again endurable.

It was then that Bullhead began to sit up all day, after working all night, to get a single smile from the direction of the pie rack. He hung, utterly miserable, around the lunch room all day, while Nellie made impersonal remarks about the colorless life of a mere operator as compared with life in the cab of a ten-wheeler. She admired the engineer, Nellie—was there ever a doughnut girl who didn't? And when One or Two rose smoking out of the alkali east or the alkali west, and the magul engine checked its gray string of sleepers at the Junction platform, and Bat Mullen climbed down to oil 'round—as he always did—there were the liveliest kind of heels behind the counter.

Such were the moments when Bullhead sat in the lunch room, somewhat back where the flies were bad, unnoticed, and helped himself aimlessly to the sizzling maple syrup—Nellie rustling back and forth for Engineer Mullen, who ran in for a quick cup, and consulted, after each swallow, a dazzling open-faced gold watch, thin as a double eagle; for Bat at twenty-one was pulling the fast trains and carried the best. And with Bullhead feeding on flannel cakes and despair, and Nellie Cassidy looking quite her smartest, Mullen would drink his coffee in an impassive rush, never even glancing Bullhead's way—absolutely ignoring Bullhead. What was he but a nightman, anyway? Then Mullen would take as much as a minute of his running time to walk forward to the engine with Miss Cassidy, and stand in the lee of the drivers chatting with her, while Bullhead went quite frantic.

It was being ignored in that way, after her smiles had once been his, that crushed the night operator. It filled his head with schemes for obtaining recognition at all hazards. He began by quarrelling violently with Nellie, and things were coming to a serious pass around the depot when the Klondike business struck the mountain division. It came with a rush, and when they began running through freight extras by way of the Goose River short line, day and night, the Junction station caught the thick of it. It was something new altogether for the short line rails and the short line operators, and Bullhead's night trick, with nothing to do but poke the fire and pop at coyotes, became of a sudden a busy and important post. The added work kept him jumping from sundown till dawn, and kept him from loitering around the lunch counter daytimes and ruining himself on fermented syrup.

On a certain night, windier than all the November nights that had gone before, the night operator sat alone in the office facing a resolve. Goose River had become intolerable. Medicine Bend was not to be thought of, for Bullhead now had a suspicion, due to Callahan, that he was a good deal of a chump, and he wanted to get away from the ridicule that had always and everywhere made life a burden. There appeared to Bullhead nothing for it but the Klondike. On the table before the moody operator lay his letter of resignation, addressed in due form to J. S. Bucks, superintendent. Near it, under the lamp, lay a well-thumbed copy of the book of rules, open at the chapter on Resignations, with subheads on—

Resign, who should.
Resign, how to.
Resign, when to. (See also Time.)

The fact was it had at last painfully forced itself on Bullhead that he was not fitted for the railroad business. Pat Francis had unfeelingly told him so. Callahan had told him so; Neighbor had told him so; Bucks had told him so. On that point the leading West End authorities were agreed. Yet in spite of these discouragements he had persisted—and at last made a show. Who was it now that had shaken his stubborn conviction? Bullhead hardly dared to confess. But it was undoubtedly one who put up to be no authority whatever on Motive Power or Train Service or Operating—it was Matt Cassidy's girl.

While he reread his formal letter and compared on spelling with his pocket Webster, a train whistled. Bullhead looked at the clock, 11:40 P. M. It was the local freight, Thirty, coming in from the West, working back to Medicine. From the East, Number One had not arrived; she was six hours late, and Bullhead looked out at his light, for he had orders for the freight. It was not often that such a thing happened,



IS FULL NAME was James Gillespie Blaine Lyons; but his real name was Bullhead—just plain Bullhead.

When he began passenger braking the trainmaster put him on with Pat Francis. The very first trip he made, a man in the smoking car asked him where the drinking water was. Bullhead, though sufficiently gaudy in his new uniform, was not prepared for any question that might be thrown at him. He pulled out his book of rules, which he had been told to consult in case of doubt, and after some study referred his inquirer to the firebucket hanging at the front end of the car. The passenger happened to be a foreigner and very thirsty. He climbed up on the Baker heater, according to directions, and did at some risk get hold of the bucket—but it was empty.

"Is no water here," cried the second-class man. Bullhead sat half-way back in the car, still studying the rules. He looked up, surprised, but, turning around, pointed with confidence to the firepail at the hind end of the smoker.

"Try the other bucket, Johnnie," he said, calmly. At that every man in the car began to choke; and the German, thinking the new brakeman was making fun of him, wanted to fight. Now Bullhead would rather fight than go to Sunday-school any day, and without parley he engaged the insolent homesteader. Pat Francis parted them after some hard words on his part; and Kenyon, the trainmaster, gave Bullhead three months to study up where the water cooler was located in Standard, A pattern, smoking cars. Bullhead's own mother, who did Callahan's washing, refused to believe her son was so stupid as not to know; but Bullhead, who now tells the story himself, claims he did not know.

When he got back to work he tried the freight trains. They put him on the Number 29, local, and one day when they were drifting into the yard at Goose River Junction there came from the cab a sharp call for brakes. Instead of climbing out and grabbing a brakewheel for dear life, Bullhead looked out the window to see what the excitement was. By the time he had decided what rule covered the emergency his train had driven a stray flat half way through the eating-house east of the depot. Kenyon, after hearing Bullhead's own extenuated statement of fact, coughed apologetically and said (three years) whereupon Bullhead resigned permanently from the train service and applied for a job in the roundhouse.

But the roundhouse—for a boy like Bullhead. It would hardly do. He was put at helping Pete Beezer, the boiler washer. One night Pete was snatching his customary nap in the pit when the hose got away from Bullhead and struck his boss. In the confusion, Peter, who was nearly drowned, lost a new set of teeth; that was enough in that department of the Motive Power; Bullhead moved on—suddenly. Neighbor thought he might do for a wiper. After the boy had learned something about wiping he tried one day to back an engine out on the turntable just to see whether it was easy. It was; dead easy; but the turntable happened to be arranged wrong for the experiment; and Neighbor, before calling in the wrecking gang, took occasion to kick Bullhead out of the roundhouse bodily.

Nevertheless, Bullhead, like every Medicine Bend boy, wanted to railroad. Some fellows can't be shut off. He

because One rarely went off schedule badly enough to throw her into his turn. He had his orders copied and O.K.'d, and waited only to deliver them.

It was bitter windy. The 266 engine, pulling Thirty that night, wheezed in the gale like a man with the apoplexy. She had a new fireman on, too, who was burning the life out of her, and as she puffed painfully down on the scrap rails of the first siding and took the Y, her overloaded safety gasped violently.

When the conductor of the Number Thirty train opened the depot door the wind followed him like a catamount. The stove puffed open with a down draft, and shot the room full of stinging smoke. The lamp blaze flew up the chimney—out—and left the nightman and the conductor in darkness. The trainman with a swear shoved to the door, and Bullhead, the patient, turned over his letter of resignation quick in the dark, left for a match and relighted his lamp. Swearing again at Bullhead, the freight conductor swaggered over to his table, felt in all the operator's pockets for a cigar, tumbled all the papers around, and once more, on general principles, swore.

Bullhead took things uncomplainingly, but he watched close, and was determined to fight if the brute discovered his letter of resignation. When the trainman could think of no further indignities he took his orders, to meet Number One at Sackley, the second station east of Goose River. After he had signed, Bullhead asked him about the depot fire at Bear Dance that had been going over the wires for two hours, reminded him of the slow order for the number nine culvert, and, as the rude visitor slammed the door behind him, held his hand over the lamp. Then he sat down again and turned over his letter of resignation.

To make it binding it lacked only his signature—James Gillespie Blaine Lyons—now, himself, of the opinion of every one else on the West End; that he was just a natural born dooming fool. He lifted his pen to sign off the aspirations of a young lifetime when the sounder began to snap and sputter his call. It was the despatcher, and he asked hurriedly if Number Thirty was there.

"Number Thirty is on the Y," answered Bullhead. Then came a train order. "Hold Number Thirty until Number One arrives."

Bullhead repeated the order, and got back the O.K. Then he grabbed his hat and hurried out of the door to deliver the new order to the local freight before it should pull out.

To reach the train Bullhead had to cross the short line tracks. The wind was scouring the flats, and as he tacked up the platform the dust swept dead into him. At the switch he sprang across the rails, thinking of nothing but reaching the engine cab of the local—forgetting about the track he was crossing. Before he could think or see or jump a through freight on the short line, wild, from the West, storming down the grade behind him, struck Bullhead as a grizzly would a goat—lured him, doubling, fifty feet out on the spur—and slammed on into the East without a quiver out of the ordinary. One fatality followed another. The engineer of the short line train did not see the man he had hit, and with the nightman lying unconscious in the ditch, the local freight pulled out for Sackley.

Bullhead never knew just how long he lay under the stars. When his head began to whirl again the wind was blowing cool and strong on him, and the alkali dust was eddying into his open mouth. It was only a matter of seconds, though it seemed hours, to pull himself together and to put up his hand unsteadily to feel what it was soaking warm and sticky into his hair; then to realize that he had been struck by a short line train; to think of what a failure he had lately acknowledged himself to be; and of what it was he was clutching so

tightly in his right hand—the holding order for Number Thirty. He raised his reeling head; there was a drift of starlight through the dust cloud, but no train in sight; Number Thirty was gone. With that consciousness came a recollection—he had forgotten to put out his red light.

His red light wasn't out. He kept repeating that to himself to put the picture of what it meant before him. He had started to deliver an order without putting out his light, and Number Thirty was gone; against Number One—a head end collision staring the freight and the belated passenger in the face. Number Thirty, running hard on her order to make Sackley for the meeting, and One, running furiously, as she always ran—to-night worse than ever.

He lifted his head, enraged with himself; enraged. He thought about the rules, and he was enraged. Only himself he blamed, nobody else—studying rules for a lifetime and forgetting his red signal just when it would mean the death of a trainload of people. He lifted his head; it was sick, sick; deadly sick. But up it must come, Thirty gone, and it wobbled, swooning sick and groggy as he stared around and tried to locate himself. One thing he could see—the faint outline of the depot and his lamp blazing smoky in the window. Bullhead figured a second; then he began to crawl. If he could reach the lamp before his head went off again—before he went completely silly—he might yet save himself and Number One.

It wasn't in him to crawl till he thought of his own mistake; but there was a spur in the sweep of that thought through his head. His brain, he knew, was wobbling, but he could crawl; and he stuck fainting to that one idea, and crawled for the light of his lamp.

It is a bare hundred feet across to the Y, but Bullhead taped every foot of the hundred with blood. There was no one to call on for help; he just stuck to the crawl, grinding his teeth in bitter self-reproach. They traced him—next morning when he was past the telling of it—and his struggle looked the track of a wounded bear. Dragging along one crushed leg and half crazed by the crack on his forehead, Bullhead climbed to the platform, across, and dragged himself to the depot door. He can tell yet about rolling his broken leg under him and raising himself to grasp the thumb latch. Not until he tried to open it did he remember it was a spring lock and that he was outside. He felt in his pocket for his keys—but his keys were gone. And what is curious they were never found.

There were no rules to consult then. No way on earth of getting into the office in time to do anything; to drag himself to the lunch room, twice further than the depot, was out of the question. But there was a way to reach his key in spite of all bad things, and Bullhead knew the way. He struggled fast around to the window. Raising himself on one knee, with a frightful twinge he beat at the glass with his fist. Clutching at the sash, he drew himself up with a hand, and with the other tore away the muntin, stuck his head and shoulders through the opening, got his hand on the key, and called the first station east, Blaisdell, with the 19. Life and death that call meant; the 19, the despatcher's call—hanging over the key, stammering the 19 over the wire, and baptizing the call in his own blood—that is the way Bullhead learned to be a railroad man.

For Blaisdell got him and his warning, and had Number One on the siding just as the freight tore around the west curve, headed for Sackley. But while it was all going on, Bullhead lay on the wind-swept platform at Goose River with a hole in his head that would have killed anybody on the West End, or, for that matter, on earth, except James Gillespie Blaine Lyons.

After Number Thirty had passed so impudently, Number One felt her way rather cautiously to Goose River, because

the despatcher couldn't get the blamed station. They decided, of course, that Bullhead was asleep, and fixed everything at the Wickup to send a new man up there on Three in the morning and fire him for good.

But about one o'clock Number One rolled, bad-tempered, into Goose River Junction, and Bat Mullen, stopping his train, strode angrily to the depot. It was dark as a pocket inside. Bat smashed in the door with his heel, and the trainmen swarmed in and began looking with their lanterns for the nightman. The stove was red-hot, but he was not asleep in the armchair, nor napping under the counter on the supplies. They turned to his table and discovered the broken window, and thought of a hold-up. They saw where the nightman had spilled something that looked like ink over the table, over the order book, over the clip, and there was a hand print that looked inky on an open letter addressed to the superintendent—and a little pool of something like ink under the key.

Somebody said suicide; but Bat Mullen suddenly stuck his lamp out of the broken window, put his head through after it, and cried out. Setting his lantern down on the platform, he crawled through the broken sash and picked up Bullhead.

Next morning it was all over the West End. "That's what gets me. Who'd have thought it of Bullhead?"

When they all got up there and saw what Bullhead had done, everybody agreed that nobody but Bullhead could have done it.

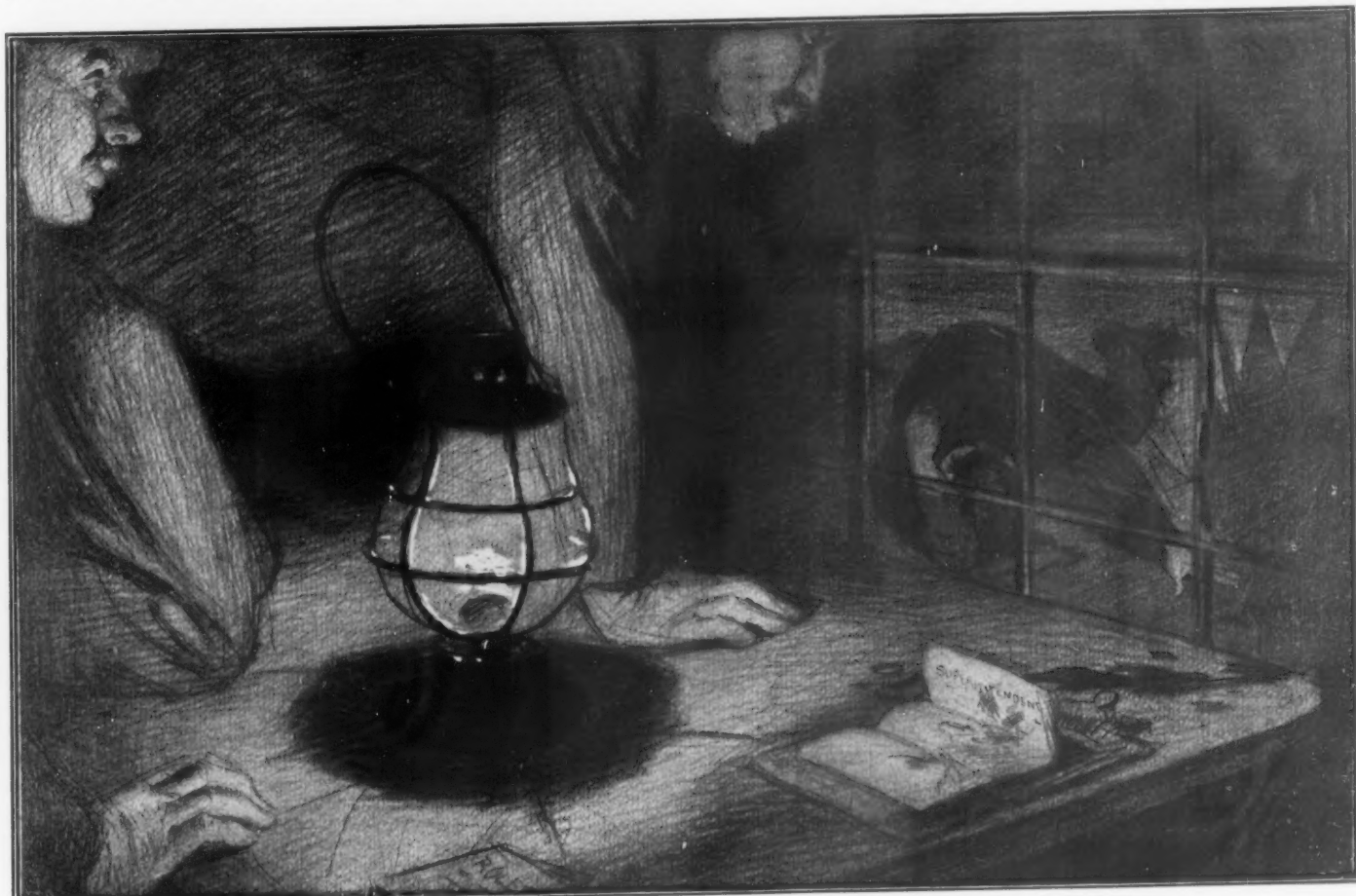
The pilot bar of the short line mogul, in swiping Bullhead unmercifully, had really made a railroad man of him. It had let a great light in on the situation. Whereas before every one else on the line had been to blame for his failures, Bullhead now saw that he himself had been to blame, and was man enough to stand up and say so. When the big fellows, Callahan and Kenyon and Pat Francis, saw his trail next morning; saw the blood smeared over the table, and saw Bullhead's letter of resignation signed in his own blood manual, and heard his straight out story, days afterward, they said never a word—then.

But that morning, the morning after, Callahan picked up the letter and put it just as it was between the leaves of the order book and looked both in his grip. It was some weeks before he had a talk with Bullhead, and he spoke then only a few words, because the nightman faints before he got through. Callahan made him understand, though, that as soon as he was able he could have any key on that division he wanted as long as he was running it—and Callahan is running that division yet.

It all came easy after he got well. Instead of getting the worst of it from everybody, Bullhead began to get the best of it, even from pretty Nellie Cassidy. But Nellie had missed her opening. She tried tenderness while the boy was being nursed up at the Junction. Bullhead looked grim and far-off through his bulging bandages, and asked his mother to put the sugar in the coffee for him; Bullhead was getting sense.

Besides, what need has a young man with a heavy crescent-shaped scar on his forehead that people inquire about, and who within a year after the Goose River affair was made a train despatcher under Barnes Tracy at Medicine Bend—what need has he of a coquette's smiles? His mother, who has honorably retired from hard work, says half the girls at the Bend are after him, and his mother ought to know, for she keeps house for him.

Bullhead's letter of resignation with the print of his hand on it hangs framed over Callahan's desk, and is shown to railroad big fellows who are accorded the courtesies of the Wickup. But when they ask Bullhead about it, he just laughs and says some railroad men have to have sense pounded into them.

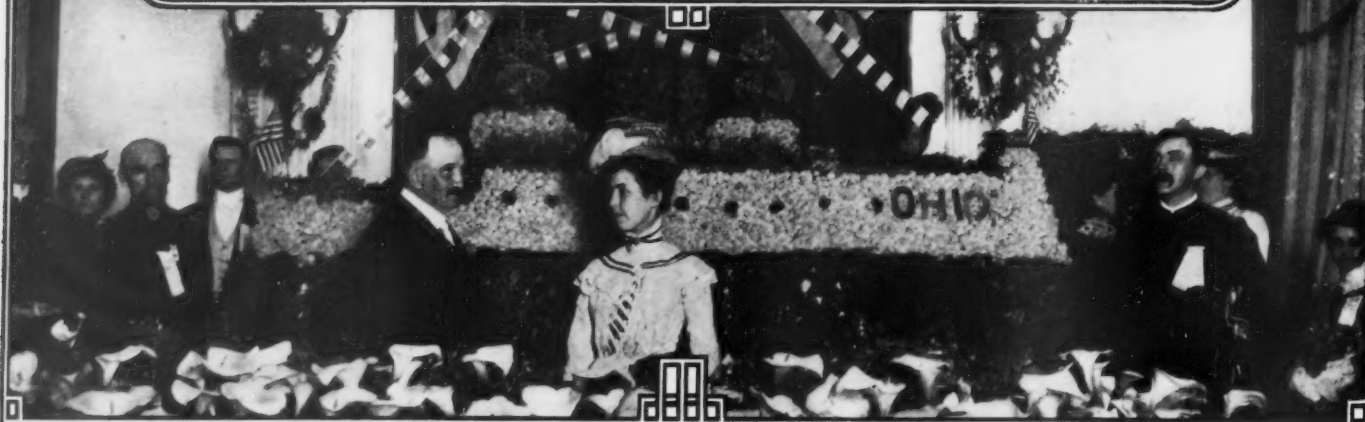


THEY SAW WHERE THE NIGHTMAN HAD SPILLED SOMETHING THAT LOOKED LIKE INK

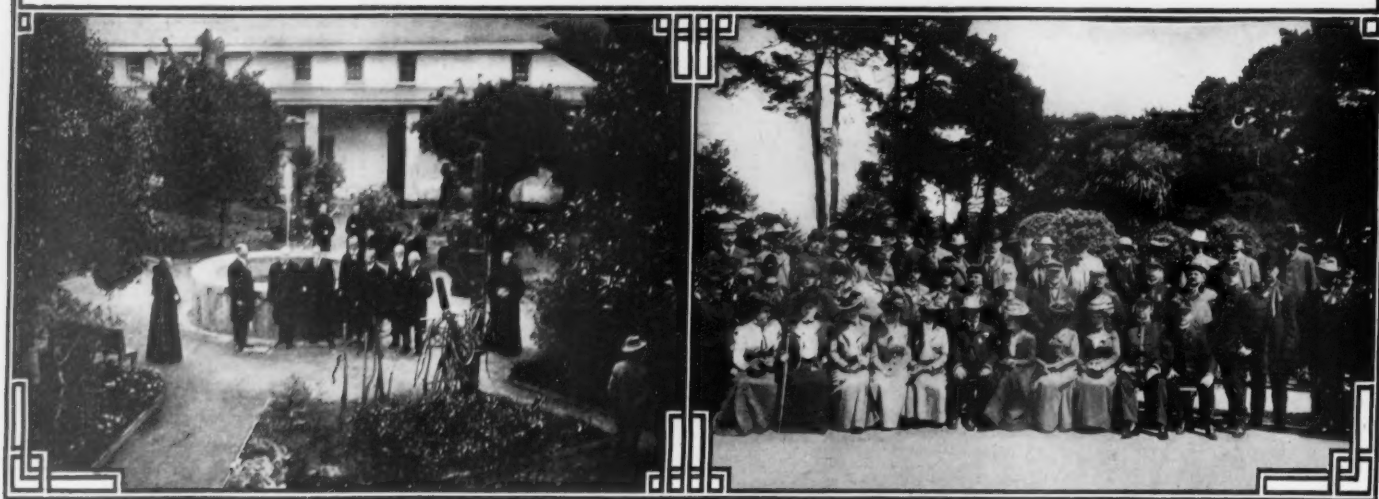


PRESIDENT MCKINLEY DELIVERING HIS LAST SPEECHES IN SOUTHERN

CALIFORNIA PREVIOUS TO HIS FORMAL ARRIVAL IN SAN FRANCISCO



GOVERNOR NASH OF OHIO, AND MISS HELEN DESHLER WHO CHRISTENED THE BATTLESHIP "OHIO"



IN THE GARDEN OF SANTA BARBARA MISSION

GOVERNOR NASH AND THE OHIO DELEGATION

THE END OF THE PRESIDENTIAL TOUR AND THE LAUNCH OF THE "OHIO"

PICTURES BY OUR STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER JAMES H. HARE

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LAUNCH OF THE BATTLESHIP "OHIO"

BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT WITH THE PRESIDENT'S TRAIN

(SEE DOUBLE PAGE)

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

"LET'S GO," said the President of the United States, at nine o'clock on Saturday morning, May 18. He meant let's go do the thing for which we came out to the Pacific Coast—let's carry out the original object of this whole jaunt to San Francisco, let's go launch the battleship *Ohio*. At the moment of uttering the remark he stood by the hat-rack in the hall of the mansion which for thirteen days past had been a White House. His "Let's go" was addressed to his host, Mr. Scott, whose Union Iron Works have just had "reading notices" free of charge in every one of the 21,789 newspapers in this country—all on account of the *Ohio*.

Now, the words "Let's go" usually indicate that a start is being made ahead of time, and that the speaker is impatient to be off. Thus it was with the President. For Mrs. McKinley, after turning back from the very brink of the Valley of the Shadow, was now comfortably settled upstairs in a silken softness of cushions, by a window whence she could watch the new warship slide into the water. So Mr. McKinley, with the assurance of the consulting physicians that he could go a-launching and needn't worry, was impatient to be off.

The spirit of "Let's go" characterized the day's entire programme. Mr. McKinley reached each spot for which he was scheduled, ahead of time. The *Ohio*, herself, "felt the thrill of life" three and a half minutes ahead of flood tide and of the moment set officially for the thrill. "That's a good omen," said the President. And before the waters, excited by the sudden advent of the steel monster, had resumed their natural placidity, Mr. McKinley said, "Let's go." He was thinking of the lady up there by the window—and when he reached her side, the First Gentleman of America placed in his wife's lap the large bunch of roses which one unknown had handed him as he left the shipyard.

MR. McKINLEY TAKES OFF HIS HAT TO SOLDIERS

Things happened before the launching ceremony proper. Boats bearing distinguished passengers made the round of the harbor—the President and members of the Cabinet on the first boat, Governor Nash of Ohio and his party on a second, Governor Geer of Oregon on a third, and on another our old friend of Santiago days, General Shafter. Two hundred thousand pairs of eyes watched those boats—eyes from surrounding hills, from house-tops, from harbor craft. And they witnessed a marine melodrama. The transport *Sheridan* came in, her decks blue with the Forty-second and Forty-sixth Regiments of Volunteers, who had been lending a hand in holding the flag in place in the Philippines. Could that transport have steamed up through the Golden Gate at a more dramatic moment? The tug *Slocum*, with the Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy standing by her pilot-house, Secretary Long beside him, circled round the *Sheridan*, and round again—the boys on the transport blasting the air with explosive enthusiasm, their Commander-in-Chief waving his plug hat in one hand, his handkerchief, which had mercifully been saved from tears for a wife, in the other. "You can't imagine," said the man who had sent yonder soldiers to the Philippines, "what genuine pleasure the cheering of those brave lads gives me."

As the *Slocum* steamed back toward the shipyard she passed the battleships *Jawa* and *Wisconsin*, the cruiser *Philadelphia*, and the torpedo-boat destroyer *Farragut*—all these dressed up in their Sunday clothes of flags and streamers. Talk about ships that pass in the day, and speak each other in passing! The robust salute given by those ships of war was to the ear as a battle.

Arriving at the shipyard, the President was met by the assembled employes of the Union Iron Works, some 4,500 in all, out of whose ranks a spokesman stepped and presented Mr. McKinley with a gold plate inscribed with words commem-

orative. Then and right there Mr. McKinley climbed to the top of a convenient lumber pile, and to an audience all grime and brawn made the speech of the day—the most important speech of the trip, the one he had really come all the way from Washington to deliver.

TWO YOUNG WOMEN OF IMPORTANCE

Then the President mounted to the stand which had been built about the *Ohio*'s ram, that deadly thing protruding from the monster's prow like a dreadful tusk. From this vantage-point the President was to witness the launching. About him were grouped the members of the Cabinet, Admirals and Generals in gold lace, Governors of States, foreign Consuls, the brothers Scott who had created the steel heroine of the occasion, and the wives and daughters of everybody. Miss Barber, niece of the President, took her place on the right of her distinguished uncle; Miss Helen Deshler, a relative of Governor Nash of Ohio, stood on the President's left. Both these young ladies were there on business. Miss Barber, who had taken Mrs. McKinley's place, held an electric bulb which, when she squeezed it, would start the big ship down the ways. On a table near her was an apparatus that looked like a model of a guillotine. This little machine, indeed, contained a kind of axe which, when Miss Barber pressed the bulb, would drop and sever the last something or other which was holding the hull of the *Ohio* in her cradle. Miss Deshler, meantime, as the ship's sponsor, toyed with a beribboned quart bottle of California champagne.

"SHE STARTS, SHE MOVES—"

Beneath the hull a corps of workmen with hammer and saw were making din and buzz, knocking away the last "shore blocks." Painters with brush and cans followed the carpenters, and as fast as each block was knocked away they smeared the splashes of bare steel thus revealed with dull red paint, to match the color of the entire hull. Suddenly the din and buzz ceased, and workmen were seen running in all directions from under the great structure. Who would risk his body in the shadow of that hull standing now practically on its keel, as a fortress might be balanced on an enormous skate? What if something should go wrong as the vessel was sliding down the greased groove?

In the natural amphitheatre formed by the shipyard, full forty thousand persons were packed. Now, seeing the workmen rush as from an expected explosion, that forty thousand lapsed into silence as intensely peculiar as a calm before a storm. An unseen hand pressed a button somewhere, and on a post in front of the official stand the word "Ready" was emblazoned in red, white and blue. At that instant Miss Barber squeezed the bulb which operated the little guillotine, which in turn released the hull. And Miss Deshler, with the good strong "right" of an outdoor Ohio girl, smashed her quart bottle on the ship's prow, crying, "I christen thee *Ohio*." Then in the heart of the forty thousand the storm burst, spread along shore and over the Bay; and there was shrieking on land and fog-whistling on the deep, and hurrahing all over. Six minutes later the *Ohio* was water-born.

MARINE AMAZON OF TITANIC PROPORTIONS

This new goddess of battles by sea is a sister of the *Maine* and *Missouri*, still in swaddling clothes at Philadelphia and Newport News. She is 388 feet long, 72 feet 3 inches across the waist, and she displaces water as can only a thing of 12,500 tons. Other figures standing against her in the official naval guide show that she has the strength of 16,000 horses, that she has two web-feet called propellers, that she will glide through ocean calm or hurtling wave full 18 nautical miles an hour, that she needs water at least 25 feet 6 inches deep in order to float free, that she will cost the Navy \$2,899,000, that her complement, as her Uncle Sam's book says, consists of 35 officers and 511 men, and that she is armed with four

12-inch guns and sixteen 6-inch guns, besides twenty 6-pounders, six 1-pounders, two torpedo tubes, and a lot of other weapons which might be mentioned in a bunch as side-arms.

SEVEN DAYS OF HANDSHAKING

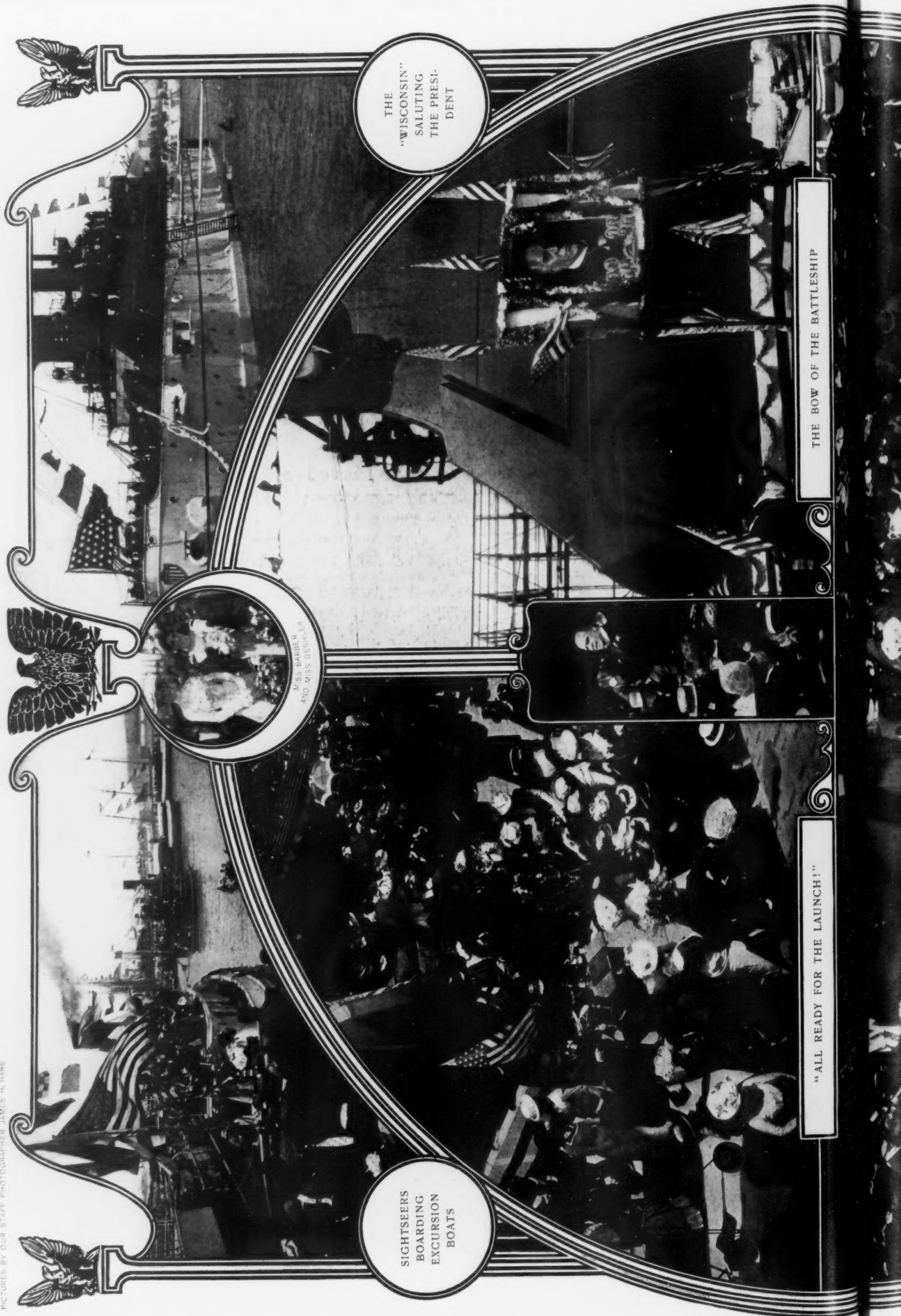
The launch of the *Ohio* was the last event of an official nature on the programme of the President's tour. One week later—Saturday, May 25—the party left San Francisco, homeward bound. The doctors declared that Mrs. McKinley had so far improved that she could now safely undertake the long trip to Washington. Of course, during that last week in 'Frisco, the President could not live like a hermit. He had to receive and review and shake hands up to the eleventh hour. Sunday succeeding the launching he passed *incommunicado* with Mrs. McKinley. Monday he received a delegation of Chinese missionaries, all the gratitude they had come to express being eclipsed by the sufferings of stage-fright. Tuesday, he stood on a platform while 30,000 youngsters from the city schools trudged by. Wednesday he reviewed a drill by his brother masous, the Knights Templars; reviewed, also, a thousand League of the Cross cadets. Thursday was his big day. First, he stood in the drawing-room of the Scott mansion and shook hands with every Federal, State and Municipal official stationed in or passing through the town. Then he drove to the Presidio, where the Forty-second and Forty-sixth Volunteer Regiments were encamped, and in a speech patted the boys on the back for their recent work among the Filipinos. He went into the hospital and passed from cot to cot with a word and a smile for every sick soldier. Then in succession he attended receptions given by the Ohio Society, the Union League Club, the Native Sons of California, and the G.A.R. Friday he met the Sons and Daughters of the Revolution, then crossed the Bay and reviewed the school boys and girls of Oakland—the very last of the left-over functions of his trip.

HOUSES TO BURN BUT PRESIDENTS SCARCE

Though the President left Mrs. McKinley's bedside for the public whenever he consistently could, still many engagements had to be cancelled. And because of these cancellations there were heartbreaks not only in San Francisco, but along the line as far back as Los Angeles. In the old Spanish towns of Monterey, Del Monte, Ventura, Santa Barbara and San Luis Obispo many prearranged events had to be called off. At every station, however, there were flower shows and every one of the eight cars on the train was literally loaded with floral gifts. Mr. McKinley was especially interested in the old Spanish missions and their historic relics. If other pleasures were denied him by Mrs. McKinley's illness, he contrived to visit three or four of the missions. Of all the bitter disappointments caused by the "breaking of dates," the bitterest was that of the 400 members of the graduating class of the University of California, who had expected to receive their diplomas from the hand of the President. The class included a number of young ladies, and when at the last moment they learned that the President could not come they shed so many real tears that when they came forward to receive their diplomas from the hand of an ordinary college president, their eyes were a telltale crimson, their faces a deplorable length.

Only this remains to be told—that at one of the Spanish mission towns, where a crowd was waiting the arrival of the Presidential train, some one suddenly informed the Fire Chief that his house was on fire. "Let it burn," said the Chief. "I'll wait right here and take a look at Mr. McKinley. I can build a house any old time, but I may never again have an opportunity to see a President of the United States." The sentiment expressed by that man was not local; it prevailed among the people in every town through which the President passed, all the way from the Capital to the Pacific Coast—and back again.

PICTURES BY OUR STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER JAMES H. HARE



THE
"WISCONSIN"
SALUTING
THE PRESI-
DENT

THE BOW OF THE BATTLESHIP

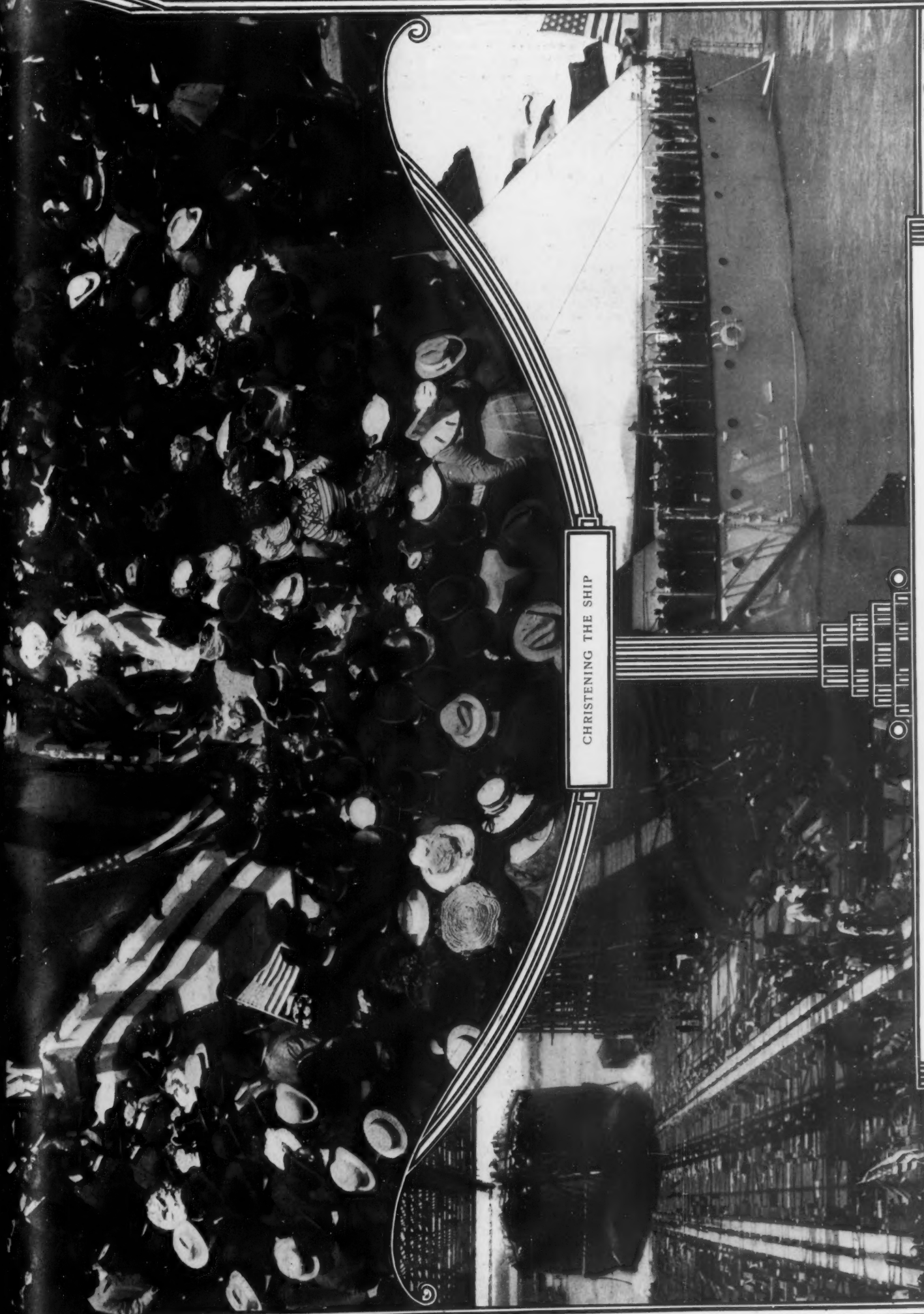
MISS BARBER
AND MISS DESVILLER

"ALL READY FOR THE LAUNCH!"

SIGHTSEERS
BOARDING
EXCURSION
BOATS

"ALL READY FOR THE LAUNCH!"

THE BOW OF THE BATTLESHIP



CHRISTENING THE SHIP

LAUNCH OF THE "OHIO"

INTO THE WATER

THE "IOWA" SALUTES

(SEE PAGE 11)

COMMERCIAL OPPORTUNITIES IN JAPAN

(CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 5)

of subsidizing ships. I have referred to England once before, in connection with the question of density of population rendering large importations necessary. There is a notable point of similarity in the commercial situation and history of Great Britain and of Japan. This is due to the fact that both empires are insular, cut off by seas from the continents, both are restricted in area, and both are densely populated. The result is, in both cases, that the people are turning from agriculture, as the returns from farming grow less, and are devoting themselves to industrial arts and to commerce. Both nations must depend very largely upon the importation of foodstuffs and of the raw material for manufactures. They must be alike large importers and exporters, traders in the widest sense. They must go down to the sea in ships, and traffic in all waters and in all countries. England found it necessary to encourage shipbuilding and commerce by offering a liberal subsidy. As she has maintained this policy, she must have found it satisfactory. Japan found it at least expedient, and the Japanese Government is fully satisfied with the result of the experiment. It has enabled us to avail ourselves of many opportunities of getting trade, and has permitted us to develop markets for imports and exports in all quarters of the globe. All this may, of course, have come in time, but Japan needed it then, and forced it, just as a gardener forces the more rapid development of fruits and flowers.

JAPANESE LINERS THAT PLOW THE PACIFIC

An illustration will show how this development of the shipping interests of Japan proceeded. The Nippon Yusen Kaisha (Japan Mail Steamship Company) is now one of the largest transportation companies in the world. It has been enabled to put on a line of twelve fine and fast twin-screw steamers between Yokohama and London and Antwerp, touching at all important points on the route. The company also has three steamers on a line to Bombay, three more on a line to the Australasian ports, three more between Hong Kong and Yokohama and Seattle, three more between Yokohama and Shanghai, a line to Vladivostok from Hong Kong, a line between Kobe and Vladivostok, a Kobe-Nagasaki line, a Kobe-Tientsin line, and a Kobe-Chinkiang line. Another company, the Toyo Kisen Kaisha (Oriental Steam Navigation Company), has lately opened a service between Hong Kong and San Francisco, touching at Nagasaki, Kobe, Yokohama, and Honolulu. Among other steamship companies, I may mention the Osaka Shosen Kaisha, with service between Hong Kong and Formosa.

It will be observed that most of these lines confine themselves to the Pacific ports. The ports of Europe, and of India, and of the Straits Settlements must, of course, be served; but the chief concern of Japan is in the trade development of the shores of the Pacific Ocean.

SHE WILL ADOPT OUR RAILROAD AND MANUFACTURING SYSTEMS

Japan also studies the methods of trade and business and manufacture that are followed by other countries. It sees that England has succeeded marvellously in shipbuilding and in ocean transportation. In the United States, Japan sees a number of admirable systems—railways, internal communications and commerce, development of natural resources, banking, manufacturing on so large a scale as to be the wonder of the world. We send commissioners, now and then, to study and report upon what they may find in certain countries that seem to excel the same kind of things in other countries, so that we may learn what may be advantageously introduced into Japan. We have, perhaps, studied the United States more closely than any other country, for we are confident that the farthest advance in development in all mechanical appliances and the most profitable, because most practical, methods of business and trade are to be found here.

The Japan of to-day, the Japan of the period of Meiji, as we designate the reign of the present Emperor, is a hospitable, open country. We have flung open our doors as fast as they could be made to turn on their centuries-old hinges. At first we opened five treaty ports—Yokohama, Kobe, Nagasaki, Hakodate, and Niigata. Then, in July, 1899, we threw open to foreign commerce twenty-six more seaports. They constitute the doors to every portion of the Empire, even including the Rikyu Islands and the newly acquired island of Formosa, or Taiwan.

JAPAN AND AMERICA OWN THE PACIFIC

I have said above that Japan was making strenuous efforts to develop the trade of the Pacific coast. The commercial future of that ocean is, I think, mainly in the hands of Japan and the United States. The United States also have the Atlantic shores for exploitation in trade, as the more direct rival and competitor of Europe; but Japan lies wholly within Pacific waters, and it is to her highest interests that the commerce of its shores and adjacent lands be developed to the utmost. In this work we expect to meet, as we have already met, the sharp but friendly rivalry of the United States. In the Pacific and along its shores there is a vast extent of territory still practically left untouched by the traders of the great commercial nations. Even China, among the most ancient and longest known countries of the world, is not open to trade in any liberal sense. Her 400,000,000 of people will soon be the source of a tremendous commerce. Then there are the great

archipelagoes and islands in the Pacific, and the swiftly developing lands of Australasia. It is a vast and magnificent empire of trade to be worked for, struggled for; and I am confident that the time will come when the common efforts of Japan and the United States will be put forth in the interest of its further commercial development.

A LITTLE COMPARISON WITH CHINA

Japan's foreign trade is already large, perhaps far larger than many of your readers suppose. Perhaps I could not show in a more effective way its extent and value than by comparing it with that of the vast empire of China. It should be remembered that Japan is a small country, with a population only one-tenth as large as that of her neighbor. I take the value of exports and imports for the two years of 1895 and 1899. For Chinese trade the values are given in the Hong Kong tale, which is equal to about forty-eight cents, and for Japanese trade I have given the values in yen, which is equal to about fifty cents, so that the figures may be readily compared.

CHINA			
	IMPORTS	EXPORTS	TOTAL
1895	171,696,000	143,293,000	314,989,000
1899	264,748,000	195,784,000	460,532,000

JAPAN			
	IMPORTS	EXPORTS	TOTAL
1895	129,390,000	136,112,000	265,502,000
1899	220,402,000	214,390,000	434,792,000

The trade between Japan and the United States has increased very much during the last two years. In 1899 the

ENGLAND'S GREAT DISTRESS

By JULIAN RALPH

THE ENGLISH are in a panic over the invasion of their fields of industry and commerce by us Americans. Of all the newspapers only the "Spectator" is calm. In speaking of the purchase of the Leyland line of steamships by the Morgan syndicate, it says in effect—"What of it? If the Americans have got the line the Leylands must have all the more money with which to start another one. If Morgan has only the controlling interest, then let the Leylands sell out and start anew. The carrying trade will remain in the control of those who know best how to manage it." Turn away from this one cool-headed journal, in any direction you may please, and you see everywhere the signs of a panic. "Our steel trade is gone," says one. "Our leather, beef, locomotives, boots, drugs, even our candies and ices, are now supplied to us from America," says another. "Our shop-windows are filled with American razors, watches, desks, books, silverware, patent foods, patent medicines, jewelry, patent brooms, our streets are getting into the hands of American electric tramcar companies, our best rapid transit line is the American trolley tube, our railways are using American engines—where on earth do we stand? To what degree of ruin are we drifting?" Panic, doubt, confusion, surprise, rings in every sentence one reads, and you cannot be in an English town a day without hearing the outcry of the people and noting the very remarkable reasons there are why such a cry should spring forth.

The pity is that while everybody feels the pinch no one knows how or where to ease the boot that squeezes so hard. Or, let me put it this way: If any one does know the remedy, it is seen to be so radical and extraordinary that it is hardly reasonable to put it into words, hardly fair to increase the alarm of the nation by stating it frankly. As I see the situation, there is no gainsaying that England must go through a fearful purging and a reconstruction of her industrial system and her attitude toward labor. English labor, too, must learn to look at itself and its duty from a new standpoint. This purging and reformation mean to England a period of twenty-five years of hard times if conditions continue as they are and the great coming war which shall press the great modern powers into two camps—one Russian, and one American, German and English—does not break out during that period to upset all our calculations.

CRIPPLING ENGLISH PROGRESS

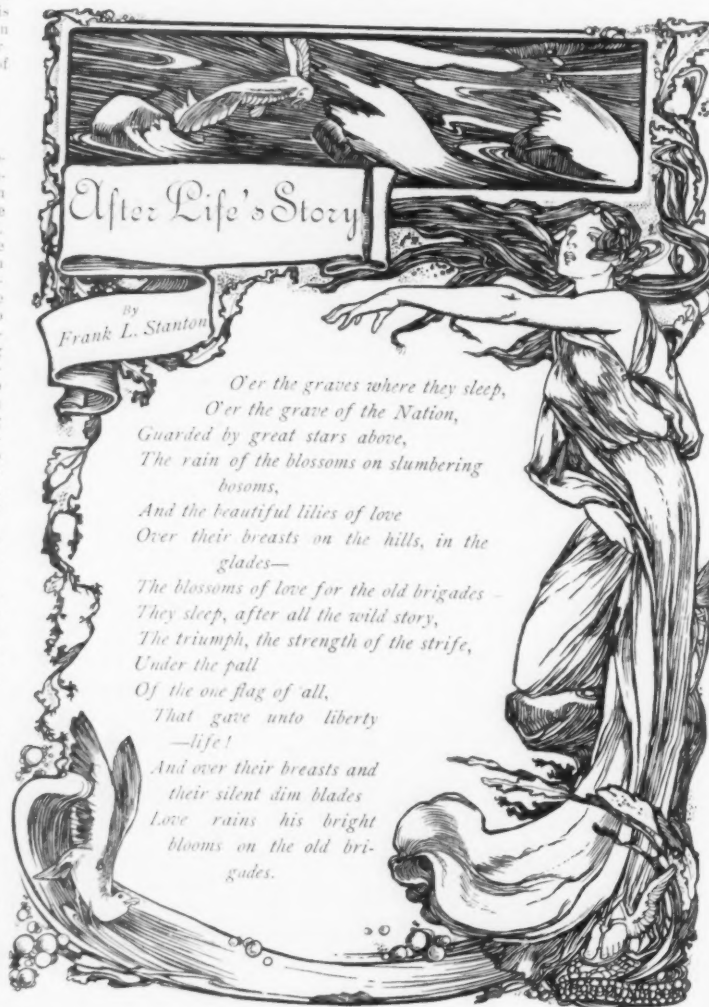
The United States have but just begun to build the boats that are to cripple the feet of English progress. More and more goods covering a wider and wider field of human needs are to be sent by us to England at so much cheaper prices that the English, having less and less money to buy with, must buy our wares or buy none. As the shoe hurts more and more, the workmen of England must go out of their closed factories and, in hunger and pain, divest themselves of the habits of mind and of work which have brought this catastrophe upon their country and themselves. The labor unions must modify their exactions and abandon their hostility to modern labor-saving machinery. The workman himself must come to be glad to have the chance to do by himself what he now—at every trade and every job—insists that two men shall do. He must learn that wages are paid not for loafing but for hard and earnest work. And bitter pain and hunger must teach him that when he works he must do so with vim and enthusiasm side by side with fellow workmen who, like us Americans, are all intent upon doing our very best and are never satisfied even with that. He must unlearn the poisonous Chinese principle, that has corrupted London alike with Pekin, that "it is best to leave Well Enough Alone." He must, like us new conquerors of the world's trade, be ever thinking how to improve upon the Very Best.

IS ENGLAND "PLAYED OUT"?

And do you think that this cannot be? Have many of my readers imbibed the notion that because the English are in a rut they cannot get out of it—that they are played out? Then let me tell you your mistake. These people show none of the last signs of the arrival of decay. If they were fine and highly artistic, like the French, or feeble in war; if they were superstitious and content to be poor, like the Spanish and Italians; if they were nerveless and degenerate, like the Hollanders, who are content to slip down to the work of growing flowers and making cheese, well might one say this is the end of the eminence of the English. But they are not artistic, not fine in feeling, thought or work—they are yet an intensely rugged, strong, large-boned, forceful (in a sense, rude), active, fighting people—still very close to the earth, still very fond of the soil, the animals, the chase, the incessant trial of strength, the field of combat. No, you have only to pick up out of a crowd twelve Englishmen and set them beside twelve Frenchmen or twelve Spaniards or Italians to see the difference between the Teutonic vigor and the Latin decay. "A nation of horses and mares" is what the English are called by a Frenchman who detests them. And the same phrase could be applied to the Germans, mind you. The phrase fits the two peoples who must soon contest with Russia the domination of Europe.

HARD TIMES AHEAD

So I say that England is to see twenty or twenty-five years of very hard times, during which her present lazy workmen



After Life's Story
By Frank L. Stanton

*O'er the graves where they sleep,
O'er the grave of the Nation,
Guarded by great stars above,
The rain of the blossoms on slumbering
bosoms,
And the beautiful lilies of love
Over their breasts on the hills, in the
glades—
The blossoms of love for the old brigades—
They sleep, after all the wild story,
The triumph, the strength of the strife,
Under the pall
Of the one flag of all,
That gave unto liberty
—life!
And o'er their breasts and
their silent dim blades
Love rains his bright
blossoms on the old bri-
gades.*

value of your exports to Japan was \$19,200,000, and of your imports from Japan \$33,150,000. Last year your exports to Japan reached the value of \$31,380,000, and your imports \$26,283,000. For the first time, the "balance of trade" turned in your favor. You sold us more than you bought of us.

MAYBE IN TIME WE WILL ANNEX JAPAN TOO!

Napoleon III. said that the empire was peace. We can say this truly of the Empire of Japan. We want the power that flows from a great trade and a great prosperity at home. The efforts now making by Japan to increase the commerce between herself and the United States and the rest of the world are, in themselves, a guarantee of long peace. The two countries are seeking the same object, but each can obtain it best and quickest through the peaceful competition of trade, which will bring about closer relations of friendship and commercial interests between the two peoples. The Pacific is not very much wider than the Atlantic. Yokohama is only 4,500 miles from San Francisco. Fast steamships will soon be crossing between these two ports in eight days. The opening of a canal through Nicaragua or Panama will create another highway for the ships of the United States to and from the Pacific, and will contribute largely to the development of trade with Japan. The commercial interests of the Empire and the Republic are so closely related that, if properly fostered, they will ensure a fuller and more friendly intercourse between the two countries.

H. Takahiro

will pass away, to give place to a new lot made earnest by distress, made keen and wideawake by necessity. And these will copy the tools and methods by which we are succeeding. During the process England must shut the open door in her own colonies and perhaps in her own little island centre. And shall we say, "Hurrah! twenty-five years for us and after us the deluge?" No. There will be an awakened China, a developing of South Africa, a Japan brought back to its senses and its place as a buyer of the goods it has not yet learned to stop making (since it makes them all so badly), a Russia opening its doors to let in the Progress it must achieve before it dares to carry out its aim of challenging the world.

There will be room all the time for all of us who walk the White Man's road.

THE BOER AMNESTY

As to England's mistakes in war it is a question how she will be made to see or to remedy the worst ones if the inability to conquer a seventh-rate power has not opened her eyes. And who can truly say that it has? There are, here and there, Englishmen who speak plainly of the absurdities and weaknesses of her military methods. One such man, an illustrious and most practical soldier (a general of the British Army), recently gave me an idea of what criticisms are being made upon the war in private by men who went through a great part of it. He says the offer of the British to forgive and protect all fighting burghers who would lay down their arms but to severely punish their leaders, the commandants, was the cause of the present after-glow or guerilla phase of the conflict. In the first place, few men are so contemptible, and no men like to be thought so contemptible, as to leave their chieftains in the lurch and save themselves. In the case of the Boers, the Louis Bothas and De Wets are the natural superiors and leaders of their people, and their weaker and more ignorant followers lean upon and idolize them. It was an insult to the manhood and honor of the Boer burghers to ask them to come indoors by the fire and leave their leaders out in the storm. Then, again, the proclamations offering these terms went first to the leaders, and they could suppress them, or distort them, or ridicule them as they pleased.

TAXING EVERYTHING!

As it becomes more and more evident that the present revenue of Great Britain will not pay for the upkeep of her navy, the reorganization of the army, and the payment of the cost of the war in South Africa, the shrewd men of government and of affairs are discussing the least burdensome and irritating modes to be adopted for raising more money. One proposal is to put a tax of two dollars and a half per year on every piano. Another is to insist that a penny stamp shall be affixed to each theatre ticket. A third is that every bicycle shall pay an annual tax of three dollars and seventy-five cents. That every watch shall have a ten-cent stamp fastened inside the case is another new idea, and still another is to tax every user of the electric light five dollars a year. The English are already taxed for horses, carriages, seal rings, coats of arms, extra servants and pet dogs, and they are paying twenty-nine cents in every five dollars as an income tax. Modern armaments were seen to be prodigiously expensive, but to make use of them by going to war appears to result in a Niagara of extra taxation.

"BUFFALO BILL" AND THE SHAH OF PERSIA

DURING the Paris Exposition the Buffalo Bill Wild West Exhibition was located in a beautiful spot in the Commune of Neuilly, just outside the fortifications of Paris, near the Porte Maillot.

Among the many other royal guests that Paris entertained that eventful summer was the Shah of Persia. He was given the freedom of the city, and among some of the amusements planned for his pleasure was a visit to the Wild West.

At the solicitation of the Prefect of the Seine, I named a day for this visit, and then instructed all the heads of departments in my employ to have everybody in his "best bib and tucker" to make the strongest impression possible upon the benighted mind of the potentate, who had not the remotest idea what the republicans he was going to see looked like.

THE MAYOR OF NEUILLY

Hearing of the intended "function," the Mayor of Neuilly came to me in a very perturbed state of mind, for fear he would not get his share of the "Kudos" that might come to him, if he were not mentioned in connection with the visit of the Shah to his bailiwick. As a great favor, he asked that he might be allowed to receive the Shah in his capacity as Chief Magistrate of the Commune. Of course, I readily assented; for the Mayor was a good fellow, and had shown us many favors while we had been under his jurisdiction. Besides, I had run up against despots before, even in my own dear native land, where "every prospect pleases, and only man is vile," and I was

not anxious to bow and scrape as an enquire to the many times I had done so when seeking a license for the Side Show.

Overjoyed at my complaisance, as he called it, he said that he would be delighted to present Cody and myself to his Majesty, at the proper time. As a republican I was inclined to "pass," but as a "showman" I saw something for Major Burke to talk about to innocent newspaper men, and so I let interest outweigh preference, and, bowing my thanks, accepted in French that I rather think caused the Mayor to wish he had not been so pressing.

AN AFFAIR OF STATE

We now come to the day itself. Cody got into his buckskins, I got into a "spike-tailed" coat, and soon the Mayor arrived. Covered with decorations, spattered with medals, and resplendent in the uniform of a major-general in the French army, he was calculated to make the most extravagant picture of Solomon look like a soiled deuce in a new pack.

At last the blare of trumpets announced the approach of the Shah. At a signal from me the gates were flung open, an escort of cavalry came in at a gallop, followed by the State Carriage of the President of the Republic, in which was seated the most unimpressive man I ever saw.

The postilions pulled the horses back on their haunches, the doors of the carriage were opened, the Shah descended, and the Mayor—the Mayor of NEUILLY—advanced and addressed the despot thus:

"Votre Majesté, je suis le Maire d'Neuilly, je suis Général dans l'armée d'France, j'ai l'honneur de vous présenter Monsieur le Colonel—!"

With an impatient gesture, his Despotism swept the Mayor aside with as much disdain as if he were merely ordering a Persian gentleman to be drawn and quartered. To this day, Colonel W. F. Cody ("Buffalo Bill") and Nate Salisbury, vice-president and manager, have never been presented to the Shah of Persia, and never expect to be.

As for the Mayor! Talk about Mt. Vesuvius doing a bit of erupting! Chagrined, hot with anger, boiling over with majestic rage, he turned to me and shouted:

"Sac-r-r-é, c'est une hûtre sans tête!!!"

THE SHAH'S REMARKABLE LEGS

Of course, Cody and I were convulsed, but we managed to hold in until the Mayor strode away, fuming, and fussily taking off decorations and stuffing them in his coat-tail pocket. Since the Shah was taken from us by violence, I have almost been a convert to the efficacy of prayer, for the Mayor was a devout man.

Among other funny things that came under our notice that day were the legs of the Shah. I can compare them to nothing but those of an automaton as he stalked down the grand-stand aisle to the box set aside for him. Imagine Stuart Robson playing a travesty of Hamlet, and you will catch some idea of the imperial pose of the "King of Men."

As he passed out of the gates a cowboy sidled up to me and said, "Is that a king?"

I nodded affirmatively. "Hell!" said he; "he looks like a sheep-herder on a horse ranch."

NATE SALSBURY.

ANEMONES

Upon the sunny stretches of the hill

Their pale stars shimmer in the breezes keen

That idly sail the meadow gold and green

And spangle all the bosom of the rill,

They hear the robin on the alder trill,

They see the lone dove on the cedar green—

A fairy carpet with a twinkling sheen,

They ripple, blue and white, and ne'er are still.

Fair stars of Maytime on the meads at play

Before the roses round the field wall flame,

Or the rich lilies flutter on the mere,

They'll vanish like the morning mist away—

With the elusive wind of Spring they came

To crumble in the wind and disappear.

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At this moment she is probably still debating if it is worth while going to law about the matter with me."

The consensus of opinion, the Woman of the Platitudes disagreeing, seems to be that women customers are not as desirable as men, but that such opinion will have any weight in keeping them away from this particular form of gambling is not believed; neither will denunciations from the pulpit, nor experience gathered from their losses. The woman speculator has come to stay. The office where woman trades exclusively is hard to find, for the popular one trades with the man and woman alike, and there is probably no time when the sustaining power of the other sex is more needed than when the market is "wabbly." The final word of advice was given by a rosy-cheeked broker who looked as if he had never passed a sleepless night. "It's no place for women here," he said; and asked to explain this, he went further, and announced that it wasn't a place for anybody. "If you've got money, place it securely; if you've got a good business, don't leave it to others who'll cheat while you are watching the tape."

THE RECRUDESCENCE OF THE SEDAN CHAIR

RUMORS come, by the way of London, that the Sedan Chair is to be revived, and, in contrast with the gasoline automobile on a down grade with the engine beyond control, or a bicycle with an array of patents as many in number as the stops of an organ, the mere thought of anything so sure on its feet as a sedan chair is restful. Possibly this resurrection is due to the romantic drama—it would be strange if something were not evolved from its persistence and pluck—or to the London fogs, which render horses and machines untrustworthy, or perhaps My Lady's love of the beautiful, leading to the knowledge that there never was and never will be so effective a framing to her pretty face as this vehicle of a past age, is responsible for the threat that our present methods of locomotion will have a rival. Whatever the cause of the rumor, the vision alone of a sedan is self-respecting, and one finds one's backbone assuming rigidity and one's head standing erect, as one pictures the entrances and exits made possible, with clothing uncrushed, dignity unimpaired. Speed in one may not equal that of a trolley car running at legalized rate, but it will certainly equal that made in a blockade, which is the other side of the trolley car question. And other objections fade into nothingness when compared with the artistic effect. To a woman the sedan chair will ever be the synonym of adventure and romance, and if a few more streets are closed by mountains of earth, a few more tunnel ways opened, New York will certainly have to offer a choice of balloons or sedans, with messenger boys who can rival the Alpine climbers. What part is the modern man to play in this revival? Is he to walk sedately by Beauty's side? Is he to follow in auto or cab? Will he bike patiently about and around? Possibly Madame Sarah Grand, who has just delivered a lecture in London on "Mere Man," could throw some light on this subject.

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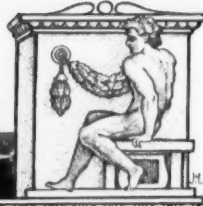
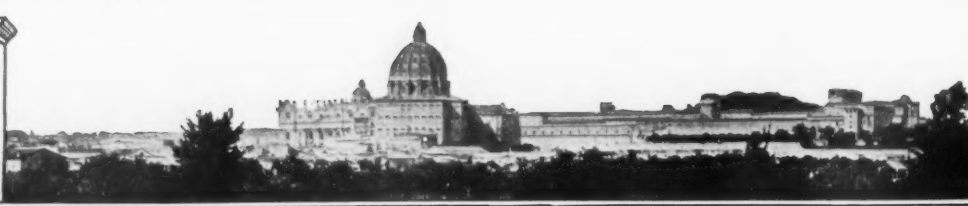
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THE ETERNAL CITY

By HALL CAINE *Author of "The Deemster," "The Manxman," "The Christian," Etc., Etc.*

ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. WENZELL

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

Prince Volonna, an exiled Italian living in London, adopts a boy compatriot, whom twenty years later we see in Rome as David Rossi, the noted anarchist leader. Roma, the Prince's daughter, now resides there also, and gossip connects her name with that of her kinsman, Baron Bonnino, Prime Minister of Italy. In a public speech David alludes to this scandal, the consequence being that an intrigue is set afoot to ruin him. But Rossi offering Roma amends, she ceases to wish for vengeance, and finally returns the passion he conceives for her. He finds occasion to deliver a message to her, sent from Elba, where her father had died, saying that the Prince had been decoyed back to Italy and deported at the instance of Bonnino. The Baron now informs Roma that years ago David Rossi was an abettor of Volonna's schemes against the Italian Government, by whom he was condemned to death, and requests her assistance in officially establishing his personality. She declines, avowing her intention to marry David. Hereupon the Baron indirectly orders Rossi's undoing, at a forthcoming mass meeting of the disaffected poor. The anarchist delivers a stirring oration, in which he deprecates redress by violence, declares that Democracy and Christianity are one, and swears to share the poverty of his suffering brethren. The crowd disperses orderly, and Rossi reaches home in safety.

VII



ROMA REACHED HOME IN A glow of joy. She told herself that Rossi would come to her in obedience to her command. He must dine with her to-night. Seven was now striking on all the clocks outside, and to give him time to arrive she put back the dinner until eight o'clock. Her aunt would dine in her own room, so they would be quite alone. The conventions of life had fallen absolutely away, and she considered them no more.

Meantime she must dress and perhaps take a bath. A certain sense of soiling which she could not conquer had followed her up from that glorious meeting. She felt a little ashamed of it, but it was there, and though she told herself "They were his people, poor things," she was glad to take off the clothes she had worn at the Coliseum.

There was an almost voluptuous delight in dressing afresh that night. The strain of past days was gone, and she foresaw no danger in the near future.

Before Parliament could finish its sitting she would be married to David Rossi and beyond all risk of injuring him. She lived in the joy of her future happiness, and threw her whole soul into it.

With color heightened by emotion and the bath, she was more lovely that night than she had ever been before. Enthusiasm and success increased her beauty, and the sense of having gone triumphantly through another chapter of her son's life had its effect on her body also. The blood pulsed visibly under her skin, her bosom rose and fell and her eyes gleamed with looks of love under the upward curve of their long black lashes. She could not help knowing that she was beautiful, and it made her proud and happy.

She combed out the curls of her glossy black hair, put herself into a loose tea-gown and red slippers, took one backward glance at herself in the glass, and then going into the drawing-room, she stood by the window to dream and wait. The snow was still falling in thin flakes, but the city was humming on, and the piazza down below was full of people.

After a while the electric bell of the outer door was rung, and her heart beat against her breast. "It's he," she thought, and in the exquisite tumult of the moment she lifted her arms and turned to meet him.

But when the door was opened it was the Baron Bonnino who was shown into the room. He was in evening dress, with black tie and studs, which had a chilling effect, and his manner was cold and as calm as usual.

"Well," he said, sitting down after his first salutations. "Well!" she answered, hardly trying to disguise her disappointment.

The poodle, which had been sleeping before the fire, awoke, yawned, stretched itself, and, recognizing the Baron, came up to him to be caressed, but he pushed the dog away.

"I regret," he said, "that we must enter on a painful interview."

"As you please," she answered, and, sitting on a stool by the fire, she rested her elbows on her knees and looked straight before her.

"Your letter of last night, my dear, produced the result you desired. I sent for Commendatore Angelelli, invented some plausible excuses, and reversed my orders. I also sent for

Minghetti and told him to take care of you on your reckless errand. The matter has thus far ended as you wished and I trust you are satisfied."

She nodded her head without turning round, and bore herself with a certain air of defiance.

"But it is necessary that we should come to an understanding," he continued. "You have driven hard, my child. With all the tenderness and sympathy possible, I am compelled to speak plainly. I wished to spare your feelings. You will not permit me to do so."

The incisiveness of his speech cut the air like ice falling from a glacier, and Roma felt herself turning pale with a sense of something fearful whirling around her.

"According to your own plans, David Rossi is to marry you within a week, although a month ago he spoke of you in public as an unworthy woman. Will you be good enough to tell me how that miracle has come to pass?"

She laughed, and tried to carry herself bravely.

"If it is a miracle, how can I explain it?" she said.

"Then permit me to do so. He is going to marry you because he no longer thinks as he thought a month ago; because he believes he was wrong in what he said, and would like to wipe it out entirely."

"He is going to marry me because he loves me," she answered hotly. "That's why he is going to marry me." And with a fiery brightness in her eyes, she turned round and added: "Because he loves me with a love that is pure and holy."

At the next moment a faintness came over her, and a misty vapor flashed before her sight. In her anger she had torn open a secret place in her own heart, and something in the past of her life seemed to escape as from a tomb.

"Then you have not told him?" said the Baron in so low a tone he could scarcely be heard.

"Told him what?" she said.

"The truth—the fact."

She caught her breath and was silent.

"My child, you are doing wrong. There is a secret between you already. That is a bad basis to begin life upon. And the love that is raised on it is a house built on the sand."

Her heart was beating violently, but she turned on him with a burning glance.

"What do you mean?" she said, while the color increased in her cheeks and forehead. "I am a good woman. You know I am."

"To me, yes! The best woman in the world," he answered.

She had risen to her feet, and was standing by the chimney-piece, breathing quick and audibly.

"Understand me, my child," he said affectionately. "When I say you are doing wrong, it is only in keeping a secret from the man you intend to marry. Between you and me . . . there is no secret."

She looked at him with haggard eyes.

"For me you are everything that is sweet and good, but for another—who knows? When a man is about to marry a woman there is one thing he can never forgive. Need I say what that is? No use telling him that his heart is pure—her soul untainted—that it was the impulse of a moment—and that her will was forced or suspended. The fact, the tangible thing, 'Yes,' or 'No,' that is the question."

The glow that had suffused her face changed to the pallor of marble, and she turned to the Baron and stood over him with the majesty of a statue.

"Is it you that tell me this?" she said. "You—you! Can a woman never be allowed to forget? Must the fault of another follow her all her life? Oh, it is cruel! It is merciless. . . . But no matter!" she said in another voice, and, turning away from him, she added, as if speaking to herself: "He believes everything I tell him. Why should I trouble?"

The Baron followed her with a look that pierced to the depths of her soul.

"Then you have told him a falsehood?" he said.

She pressed her lips together and made no answer.

"That was foolish. By and by somebody may come along who will tell him the truth."

"What can any one tell him that he has not heard already? He has heard everything, and put it all behind his back."

"Could nobody bring conviction to his mind? Nobody whatever? Not even one who had no interest in slandering you?" She looked at him in a frightened way.

"You don't mean that you . . ."

"Why not? He has come between us. What could be more natural than that I should tell him so?"

A look of dismay came over her face, and it was followed by an expression of terror.

"But you wouldn't do that," she stammered out. "You couldn't do it. It is impossible. You are only trying me."

His face remained perfectly passive, and she seized him by the arm.

"Think! Only think! You would do no good for yourself. You might stop the marriage—yes! But you wouldn't carry out your political purpose. You couldn't! And while you would do no good for yourself, think of the harm you would do for me. He loves me, and you would hurt his beautiful faith in me, and I should die of grief and shame."

She stopped to question his face, which had begun to express suffering.

"And then I love him! Oh, how much I love him! The other wasn't love. You know it wasn't."

She spoke rapidly, without waiting to think of the effect of her words.

"You are cruel, my child," he said, speaking with dignity. "You think I am hard and unrelenting, but you are selfish and cruel. You are so concerned about your own feelings that you don't even suspect that perhaps you are wounding mine."

"Ah, yes, it is too bad," she said, dropping to her knees at his feet. "After all, you have been very good to me thus far, and it was partly my own fault if matters ended as they did. Yes, I confess it. I was vain and proud. I wanted all the world. And when you gave me everything, being so tied yourself, I thought I might forgive you. . . . But I was wrong—I was to blame—nothing in the world would excuse me—I saw that the moment afterward. I really hadn't thought at all until then—but then my soul awoke—and then . . ."

She turned her head aside that he might not see her face. "And then love came, and I was like a woman who had married a man thirty years older than herself—married without love—just for the sake of her pride and vanity. But love, real love, drove all that away. It is gone now. I only wish to lead a good life, however humble it may be. Let me do so! . . . Don't take him away from me! Don't! . . ."

She stammered and stopped, with the sudden consciousness of what she was doing. She was pleading for the life of the man she loved to his enemy, the man who said he loved her.

"What a fool I am!" she said, leaping to her feet. "What fresh story can you tell him that he is likely to believe?"

"I can tell him that, according to the law of nature and of reason, you belong to me," said the Baron.

"Very well! It will be your word against mine, will it not?"

"I can tell him," continued the Baron, "that before God I am your husband; and if he comes between us, it will only be as your lover and your paramour."

"Tell him," said Roma, "and he will fling your insults in your face."

The Baron rose and began to walk about the room, and there were some moments in which nothing could be heard but the slight creaking of his patent-leather boots. Then he said:

"In that case I should be compelled to challenge him."

"Challenge him!" She repeated the words with scorn.

"Is it likely? Do you forget that duelling is a crime, that you are a Minister, that you would have to resign, and expose yourself to penalties?"

The Baron bowed his head. "There are moments in a man's life when he does not consider such things—when his political aims are swallowed up by his personal feelings. I know the world thinks that I am first of all the statesman. But you . . . you ought to know that, whatever the strength of my political passions, I am above everything else a man."

Roma's face, which had worn a smile of triumph, became clouded again.

"If a man insults me grievously in my affections and my honor I will challenge him," said the Baron.

"But he will not fight—it would be contrary to his principles," said Roma.

"In that event he will never be able to lift his head in Italy again. But make no mistake on that head, my child. The man who is told that the woman he is going to marry is secretly the wife of another man must either believe it or he must not believe it. If he believes it he casts her off forever. If he does not believe it, he fights for her name and his own honor. If he does neither, he is not a man."

Roma had returned to the stool, and was resting her elbows on her knees and gazing into the fire.

"Have you thought of that?" said the Baron. "If a man fights a duel it will be in defence of what you have told him. In the blindness of his belief in your word he will be ready to risk his life for it. Are you going to stand by and see him fight for a lie?"

Roma hid her face in her hands.

"Say he is wounded—it will be for a lie! Say he wounds his adversary—that will be for a lie, too!"

Roma listened with a sense of fear and guilt.

"Say that David Rossi kills me—what then? He must fly from Italy, and his career is at an end. If he is alone, he is a miserable exile who has earned what he may not enjoy. If you are with him, you are both miserable; for a lie stands between you. Every hour of your life is poisoned by the secret you cannot share with him. You are afraid of blurring it out in your sleep. At last you go to him and confess everything. What then? The idol he worshipped has turned to clay."

Roma listened, panting and crushed.

"Then think of his remorse! What he thought an act of retribution is a crime. The dead man had told the truth, and he committed murder on the word of a woman who was a deceiver—a drab."

Roma raised her hands to her head as if to avert a blow. The Baron came nearer, and stood immediately above her as he marshalled one terror after another.

"Or say that I kill David Rossi—what then? You have allowed him to die for a lie. But that is not all. The dead know everything. Being dead, David Rossi knows all, and you live in fear of your own death because you think he waits for you in the other world to charge you with your untruth."

"Stop! Stop!" she cried, in a choking voice, and lifting her face, distorted with suffering, he saw tears in her brilliant eyes. To see Roma cry touched the only tenderness of which his iron nature was capable. He patted the beautiful head at his feet, and said in a low, caressing tone:

"Why will you make me seem so hard, my child? There is really no need to talk of these things. They will not occur. How can I have any desire to degrade you since I must degrade myself at the same time? I have no wish to tell any one the secret which belongs only to you and me. In that matter you were not to blame, either. It was all my doing. I was sweltering under the shameful law which tied me to a dead body, and I tried to attach you to me. And then your beauty—your loveliness . . ."

"Oh, why didn't I die?" said Roma. She was looking straight into the fire, and the big drops were rolling down her cheeks.

"Come! It's not so bad as that. But if the marriage cannot take place without the consequences I speak of, you must see that it is better that it should not take place at all. Postpone it. Don't let it trouble you that the ban is published. A marriage may be celebrated at any time within one hundred and eighty days. Before that Parliament will have risen, the man will be arrested, and the law will take its course. As to the rest, leave everything to Time! All our little heartaches yield to that remedy, my child!"

At that moment Felice announced Commendatore Angelelli. Roma walked over to the window and leaned her head against the glass. Snow was still falling, and there were some run-

"The troublesome ones are held in their houses, and told to keep themselves at the disposition of the police."

"When the meeting was over, Rossi went home?"

"He did, Excellency."

"And the hundred thousand?"

"In their excitement they began to sing and to march through the streets. They are still doing so. After going down to the Piazza Navona, they are coming up by the Piazza del Popolo and along the Babuino with banners and torches."

"Men only?"

"Men, women and children."

"You would say that their attitude is threatening?"

"Distinctly threatening, your Excellency."

"Let your Delegates give the legal warning and say that the gathering of great mobs at this hour will be regarded as open rebellion. Allow three minutes grace for the sake of the women and children, and then . . . let the military do their duty."

"Quite so, your Excellency."

"After that you may carry out the instructions I gave you yesterday."

"Certainly, your Excellency."

"Keep in touch with all the leaders. Some of them will find that the air of Rome is a little dangerous to their health to-night and may wish to fly to Switzerland or to England, where it would be difficult or impossible to follow them."

Roma heard behind her the thin cackle as of a hen over her nest, which always came when Angelelli laughed.

from its unlighted windows she could see more plainly into the streets. Masses of shadow lay around, but the untrodden steps were white with thin snow, and the piazza was alive with black figures which moved on the damp ground like worms on an upturned sod.

She was leaning her hot forehead against the glass and looking out with haggard eyes, when a deep rumble as of a great multitude came from below. The noise quickly increased to a loud uproar, with shouts, songs, whistles and shrill sounds blown out of door-keys. Before she was aware of his presence the Baron was standing behind her, between the window and the pedestal with the plaster bust of Rossi.

"Listen to them," he said. "The proletariat, indeed! . . . And this is the flock of bipeds to which men in their senses would have us throw the treasures of civilization, and hand over the delicate machinery of government!"

He laughed bitterly, and drew back the curtain with an impatient hand.

"Democracy! Christian Democracy! *Viva Popoli vive Dio!* The sovereignty and infallibility of the people! Pshaw! I would as soon believe in the infallibility of the Pope!"

The crowds increased in the piazza until the triangular space looked like the rapids of a swollen river, and the noise that came up from it was like the noise of falling cliffs and uprooted trees.

"Fools! Rabble! Too ignorant to know what you really want, and at the mercy of every rascal who sows the wind and leaves you to reap the whirlwind."

Roma crept away from the Baron with a sense of physical



"I REGRET," HE SAID, "THAT WE MUST ENTER ON A PAINFUL INTERVIEW"

blings of thunder. Sheets of light shone here and there in the darkness, but the world outside was dark and drear. Would David Rossi come to-night? She almost hoped he would not.

VIII

BEHIND her the Prime Minister, who had apologized for turning her house into a temporary Ministry of the Interior, was talking to his Chief of Police.

"You were there yourself?"

"I was, Excellency. I went up into a high part and looked down. It was a strange and wild sight."

"How many would there be?"

"Impossible to guess. Inside and outside, Romans, country people, perhaps a hundred thousand."

"And Rossi's speech?"

"The usual appeal to the passions of the people, Excellency. The people were the only authority. The sovereignty of the people must be established at all costs. The ruling classes were the real rebels, and even the Church was conspiring against the poor. In short, the familiar attempt to diffuse hate between the classes. But clever! Very clever, your Excellency. An extraordinary exhibition of the art of flying between wind and water. We couldn't have found a word that was distinctly seditious, even if we hadn't had your Excellency's order to let the man go on."

"You have stopped the telegraph wires?"

"Yes."

"And the foreign correspondents?"

"Their meeting itself was illegal, and our license has been abused."

"Grossly abused, your Excellency."

"The action of the Government was too conciliatory, and has rendered them audacious, but the decree law is clear in prohibiting the carrying of seditious flags and emblems."

"We'll deal with them according to articles 134 and 252 of the Penal Code, your Excellency."

"You can go. But come back immediately if anything happens. I must remain here for the present, and, in case of riot, I may have to send you to the King."

Angelelli's thin voice fell to a whisper of awe at the mention of Majesty, and after a moment he bowed and backed himself out of the room.

Roma did not turn round, and the Minister, who had touched the bell and called for pen and paper, spoke to her from behind.

"I daresay you thought I was hard and inhuman at the Palazzo Braschi yesterday, but I was really very merciful. In letting you see the preparations to inclose your friend as in a net I merely wished you to warn him to fly from the country. He has not done so and now he must take the consequences."

Felice brought the writing materials, and the Baron sat down at the table. There was a long silence in which nothing could be heard but the scratching of the Minister's pen, the snoring of the poodle, and the deadened sound through the wall of the Countess's testy voice scolding Natalina.

Roma stepped into the boudoir. The room was dark, and

repulsion, and at the next moment, from the other window, she heard the blast of a trumpet. A dreadful silence followed the trumpet blast, and then a clear voice cried:

"In the name of the law I command you to disperse!"

It was the voice of a Delegate of the Police. Roma could see the man on the lowest stage of the steps with his tri-colored scarf of office about his breast. A second blast came from the trumpet, and again the Delegate cried:

"In the name of the law I command you to disperse!"

At that moment somebody cried, "Long live the Republic of Man!" and there was great cheering. In the midst of the cheering the trumpet sounded a third time, and then a loud voice cried, "Fire!"

At the next moment a volley was fired from somewhere, a cloud of white smoke was coiling in front of the windows at which Roma stood, and women and children in the vagueness below were uttering acute cries.

"Oh! Oh! Oh!"

"Don't be afraid, my child. Nothing has happened yet. The police had orders to fire first over the people's heads."

In her fear and agitation Roma ran back to the outer room, and a moment afterward Angelelli opened the door and stood face to face with her.

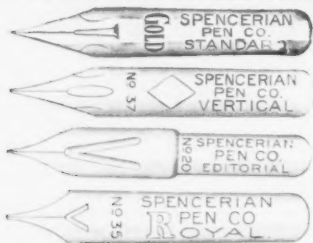
"What have you done?" she demanded.

"An unfortunate incident, Excellency," said Angelelli, as the Baron appeared. "After the warning of the Delegate the mob laughed and threw stones, and the Carabinieri fired. They were in the piazza and fired up the steps."

"Well?"

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"Unluckily there were a few persons on the upper flights at the moment, and some of them are wounded, and a child is dead."

Roma uttered a low moan and sank on to the stool.

"Whose child is it?"

"We don't yet know, but the father is there, and he is raging like a madman, and unless he is arrested he will provoke the people to frenzy, and there will be riot and insurrection."

The Baron took from the table a letter he had written and sealed. "Take this to the Quirinal instantly. Ask for an immediate audience with the King. When you receive his written reply call up the Minister of War and say you have the Royal Decree to declare a State of Siege."

Angeli was going out hurriedly.

"Wait! Send to the Piazza Navona and arrest Rossi. Be careful! You will arrest the Deputy under 134 and 252 on a charge of using the great influence he has acquired among the people to urge the masses by speeches and writings to resist public authority and to change violently the form of government and the constitution of the State."

"Good!"

Angeli disappeared, the acute cries outside died away, the scurrying of flying feet was no more heard, and Roma was still on the stool before the fire, moaning behind the hands that covered her face. The Baron came near to her and touched her with a caressing gesture.

"I'm sorry, my child, very sorry, Rossi is a poet, not a statesman, but he is none the less dangerous on that account. The hundred and one groups playing for their own gain in Parliament are easily dealt with by any government, but a man like this, who wants nothing, and means something, and lives in the faith of an idea, is not to be trifled with in any country. No wonder he has fascinated you, as he has fascinated the people, but time will wipe away an impression like that. The best thing that can happen for both of you is that he should be arrested to-night. It will save you so many ordeals and so much sorrow."

At that moment a cannon shot boomed through the darkness outside, and its vibration rattled in the windows and walls.

"The signal from St. Angelo," said the Baron, "The gates are closed and the city is under siege."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE POWER BEHIND THE BUFFALO EXPOSITION

LET us see what kind of men this effort of Buffalo has brought forward. Here is an Exposition that, in its externals, at least—in grounds and buildings, in dignity and beauty—may rightly challenge comparison with any that has gone before it, whether in Chicago, Paris, or Philadelphia. And the question was, a year and a half ago, who shall be the master builder? A committee of Buffalo citizens pondered this, and finally chose for the work, not some man from New York with a great name, but a young engineer from their own city, a young man well known and liked, but whose experience up to that time had been limited to putting up office structures. His name was Newcomb Carlton, and, although he knew nothing about building Expositions on bare acres, he was satisfied he could do it, and he went to work.

Constantly for over a year Carlton (who is under thirty-five) has lived on the Exposition grounds, has scarcely left them. From five o'clock in the morning until eleven at night he has been on duty, ordering everything, watching everywhere. It was his business to clear and prepare the ground, to organize sewers and water supply, to erect all the buildings, to oversee the handling of freight and the hauling of exhibits, to oversee the work of electric lighting and the landscape gardening, and the fire department. Each new task found him ready for it, and the whole came smoothly to completion. Yet he recently told a correspondent that he "isn't anybody in particular, but only a dub of an engineer who turned in and hustled." There is no reason to worry about cities that can find men for emergencies in this fashion, and Buffalo has found many such.

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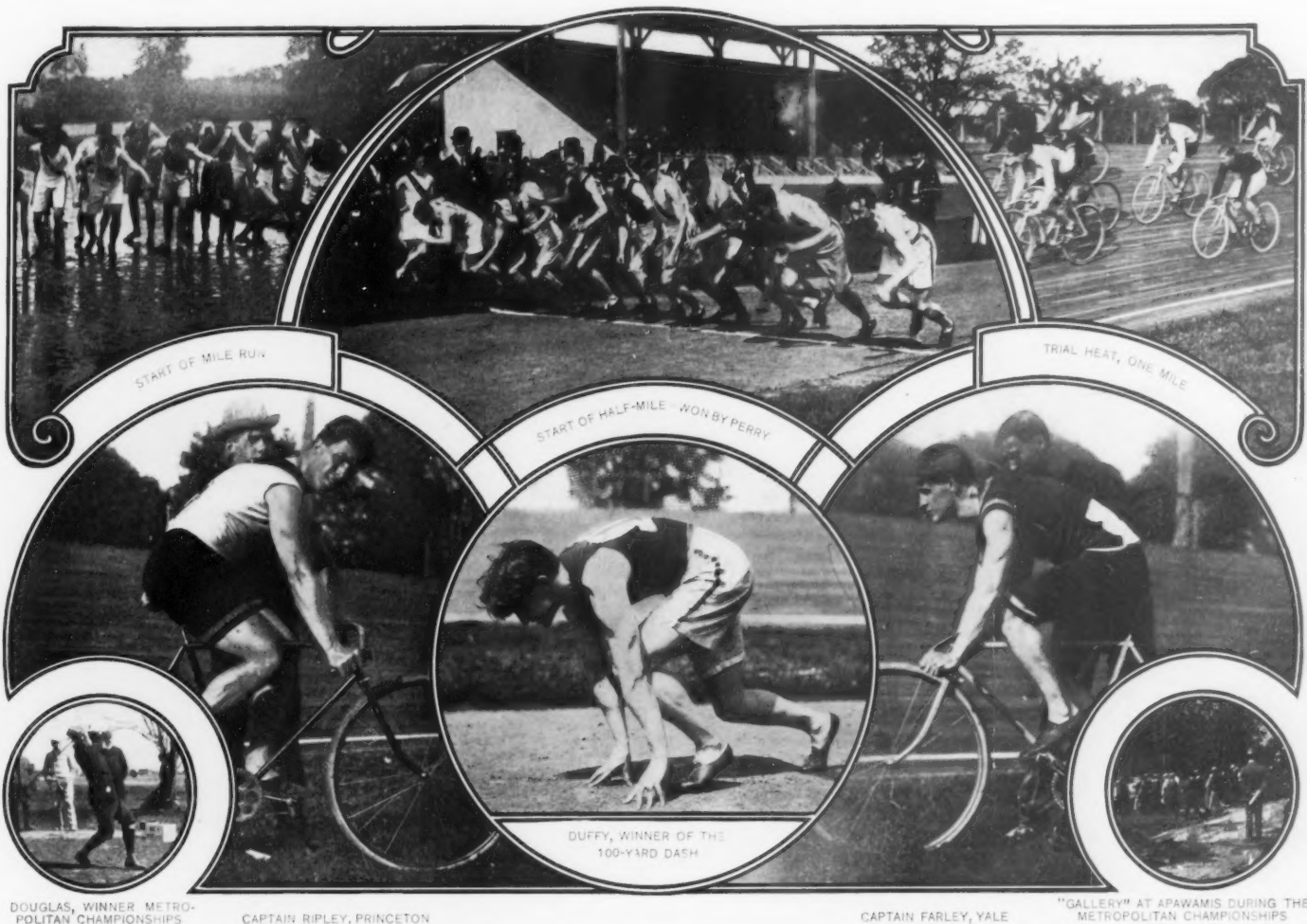
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SPORTS OF THE AMATEUR

Edited by WALTER CAMP

THE news that *Independence* will really get into the trial races is naturally hailed with delight by the general public. At this writing Billman and his men are rushing the rigging as rapidly as possible, and, although Captain Haff says "no" and looks dubious, it is probable that before this is in type she will take her trial spin.

The controversy between her owner and the New York Yacht Club has only whetted the appetite of all for the contest, and *Independence* is like an actress with a good press agent—thoroughly well advertised. In fact, as matters look now, there are indications that the contest between *Independence* and *Constitution* will be quite as interesting as the real race between the winner and *Shamrock II*. That those who are responsible for *Constitution* are by no means unwilling to take the opportunity of meeting *Independence* no one doubts. Mr. Lawson has conceded the point at issue that kept the boats apart. Now for the test!

100-Yard Run.—Semi-Final Heats, first and second to qualify.—First Heat—Won by F. M. Sears, Cornell; C. Dupee, Yale, second; J. B. McLain, Pennsylvania, third. Time—0.10 1-5. Second Heat—Won by A. F. Duffy, Georgetown; M. T. Lightner, Harvard, second; G. S. Westney, Pennsylvania, third. Time—0.10 2-5. Final Heat—Won by A. F. Duffy, Georgetown; M. T. Lightner, second; C. Dupee, Yale, third; F. M. Sears, Cornell, fourth. Time—0.10 1-5.

This was, of course, a foregone conclusion for Duffy of Georgetown. On Friday, with a favoring wind at his back, he had run a clean 9 4-5, and there was no track, no matter how wet, and no position, no matter how bad, that would have lost him this race. In the first of the semi-final heats, Dupee of Yale shut out Cloudman, the heavyweight runner from Bowdoin, although the big fellow was well in the lead at fifty yards. In the final heat, Duffy and Sears had the outside places, which made distinctly the poorer going for them, for the pools of water extended for some feet from pole and rail toward the centre. Dupee of Yale and Lightner of Harvard were lucky enough to have the two middle courses. At the crack of the pistol all four men got off well, considering the condition of the track. But Duffy settled down the most rapidly, and at half-way had a clean yard, Lightner and Sears fighting it out, but both leading Dupee, who was, however, coming fast and looked to be stronger on the wet track than the other two. Twenty-five yards from home Dupee had collared Sears and was crawling up on Lightner; but the Harvard man was too strong, and the finish found Duffy four feet ahead of Lightner, with Dupee third and Sears fourth.

220-Yard Run, Semi-Final Heats.—First Heat—Won by F. M. Sears, Cornell; C. Dupee, Yale, second. Time—0.22 3-5. Second Heat—Won by H. H. Cloudman, Bowdoin; M. T. Lightner, Harvard, second. Time—0.23. Final Heat—Won by F. M. Sears, Cornell; C. Dupee, Yale, second; H. H. Cloudman, Bowdoin, third; M. T. Lightner, Harvard, fourth. Time—0.22 3-5.

In this longer sprint the Cornell freshman, Sears, showed

his quality besides doing a lot of damage to the hopes of other people. In the trials on Friday he broke the heart of Hargrave, the Yale sprinter, who was fancied by many for this event. In this trial the two ran level for 200 yards, neither one of them wishing to shoulder the job of repeating as second men must. At this point Hargrave fell back, and there is little doubt that it was the strain of this struggle which put him out of the contest, for the next day he was outclassed in the short event. In the finals, when the men reached 100 yards, Sears was easily first, with Cloudman second, Dupee and Lightner even. At 150, Dupee had drawn up level with Cloudman, and thus they ran up to 200, when the Yale man pluckily pulled out second place five feet behind Sears. All three had drawn away from Lightner, who was two yards back of Cloudman, in fourth place.

400-Yard Run.—Won by William Holland, Georgetown; E. C. Rust, Harvard, second; W. G. Clerk, Harvard, third; J. L. Manson, Harvard, fourth. Time—0.51 3-5.

Here Holland made a runaway race of it, evidently preferring to set the pace rather than to have the mud thrown in his face by the others. Up to the turn, Nufer of Michigan was second, and as they came around toward the straight-for-home, Hunter of Yale and Cook of Pennsylvania were following Nufer. Here, however, Rust and Clerk of Harvard pulled Manson, their clubmate, along, and, passing Cook, Hunter and Nufer, landed all three places behind Holland. It was a plucky finish on the heavy track.

Half-Mile Run.—Won by T. M. Perry, Princeton; D. S. Bellinger, Cornell, second; D. W. Franchot, Yale, third; I. W. Nutter, Bowdoin, fourth. Time—2.03 3-5.

Hastings of Cornell went out in easy fashion, but evidently set too strong a pace for himself; for although he led at the end of the quarter, it was manifest that he did not like the heavy going. After the turn, Perry of Princeton went up into fourth place behind Nutter of Bowdoin and Franchot of Yale. Going around the turn for home, Perry came up and passed Hastings, while Bellinger also made a good try. Perry, however, breasted the tape first by a yard, Bellinger second, and Franchot, who had made a game struggle, third by only a foot and a half, but two yards ahead of Nutter, who was fourth.

One-Mile Run.—Won by H. B. Clark, Harvard; W. B. Weston, Yale, second; E. R. Bushnell, Pennsylvania, third; H. S. Knowles, Harvard, fourth. Time—4.31 1-5.

This was as pretty a race as could be wished. Fifteen men started, and pounded the mud and water all over themselves. There were no surprises, Clark, the Harvard man, running his race to perfection and making what was really phenomenal time, considering the going. Weston of Yale made a safe second, while Bushnell of Pennsylvania got third, and Knowles of Harvard, by an excellent finish, got into fourth place.

Two-Mile Run.—Won by B. A. Gallagher, Cornell; E. W. Mills, Harvard, second; R. Williams, Princeton, third; C. J. Swan, Harvard, fourth. Time—10.00.

Gallagher made a capital showing in this race. He seemed

never distressed, and took the heavy going well. Teel of Yale made a try to repeat his performance of two weeks ago in the dual games, but ran himself out a half lap from home. Williams of Princeton and Swan of Harvard had a desperate fight for third and fourth places, Mills of Harvard easily securing second.

120-Yard Hurdle, Semi-Final Heats.—First Heat—Won by E. J. Clapp, Yale; J. G. Willis, Harvard, second; J. W. Hallowell, Harvard, third. Time—0.16 4-5. Second Heat—Won by J. H. Converse, Harvard; Walter Fishleigh, Michigan, second. Time—0.17 1-5. Final Heat—Won by E. J. Clapp, Yale; J. H. Converse, Harvard, second; J. G. Willis, Harvard, third; Walter Fishleigh, Michigan, fourth. Time—0.16 1-5.

220-Yard Hurdle, Semi-Final Heats.—First Heat won by J. G. Willis, Harvard; E. J. Clapp, Yale, second. Time—0.25 2-5. Second Heat won by J. H. Converse, Harvard; J. B. Thomas, Jr., Yale, second. Time—0.26 4-5. Final Heat won by E. J. Clapp, Yale; J. H. Converse, Harvard, second; J. G. Willis, Harvard, third; J. B. Thomas, Jr., Yale, fourth. Time—0.25 2-5.

In these two events, Clapp, the Yale man, more than made up for his poor showing two weeks ago. He repeated consistently, and in both wet and dry going showed himself master of the situation. His style was excellent, and although he looked far from strong, he carried off both the events in good form. Converse of Harvard beat out his clubmate, Willis, in the high event for second place, Fishleigh of Michigan running a good race but four yards behind Willis. In the low event, the two Harvard men preserved the same order, Willis getting somewhat mixed up in his stride and Converse passing him in the middle of the race. Thomas nearly collared Willis at the finish, but could get nothing better than fourth.

Putting 16-Pound Shot.—Won by R. Sheldon, Yale, 43 feet 9 1-4 inches; F. G. Beck, Yale, second, 43 feet 5 1-4 inches; C. H. Robinson, Harvard, third, 43 feet 4 inches; S. G. Ellis, Harvard, fourth, 40 feet 7 inches.

Pole Vault.—The following six men tied for first place at 10 feet 6 inches, and divided the points: E. Denkin, Pennsylvania; A. W. Coleman, Princeton; Charles Dvorak, Michigan; J. H. Hord, Yale; P. A. Moore, Princeton, and Walter Fishleigh, Michigan. In the vault off for the medals, Denkin of Pennsylvania won with a vault of 10 feet 7 inches; Dvorak, Michigan, was second, and Hord, Yale, third.

Running High Jump.—Won by S. S. Jones, New York University, 5 feet 9 1-2 inches; S. G. Ellis and C. M. Rotch, Harvard, tied for second, at 5 feet 9 inches; W. C. Lowe, Syracuse, and G. W. Curtiss, Princeton, tied for fourth place, at 5 feet 7 1-2 inches.

Throwing 16-Pound Hammer.—Won by J. R. De Witt, Princeton, with 149 feet 4 1-2 inches; A. W. Boal, Harvard, second, with 142 feet 10 3-4 inches; T. T. Hare, Pennsylvania, third, 136 feet 7 inches; C. P. Wales, Cornell, fourth, 127 feet 1 1-2 inches.

Running Broad Jump.—Won by C. U. Kennedy, Columbia, 21 feet 6 3-5 inches; A. W. Ristine, Harvard, second, 21 feet



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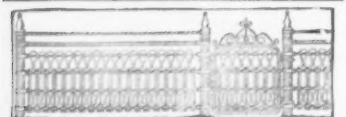
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SPORTS OF THE AMATEUR

EDITED BY
WALTER CAMP

5 2-5 inches; Walter Fishleigh, Michigan, third, 21 feet 4 4-5 inches; H. H. Cloudman, Bowdoin, fourth, 21 feet 3 9-10 inches.

Field events were naturally intensely stupid owing to the conditions. An extraordinary decision divided the points in the pole vault among men who on the first day had cleared 10 feet 9 inches, because later in vaulting off a tie they had once reached 19 feet 9. Mike Murphy brought out a good set of men, but one or two failed him. Many trainers showed the excellent quality of their work—Graham of Harvard naturally being the happiest one of the lot. Monkley of Cornell had a right to be proud of Sears and Gallagher, Lathrop of Cloudman, Fitzpatrick of his Michigan men, Robinson of Perry and De Witt.

The final score was, Harvard, 44; Yale, 30 5-6; Princeton, 16 1-6; Cornell, 15; Georgetown, 10; Michigan, 6 2-3; Pennsylvania, 5 5-6; Columbia, 5; New York University, 5; Bowdoin, 4; Syracuse, 1-2.

The Apawamis course, hush with the rain but otherwise in good shape, furnished an excellent test of the merits of the men entered in the Metropolitan Golf Tournament. Seeley of Weeburn enjoyed probably the greatest distinction of any of the players in that he defeated Travis and reached the semi-finals. He played a consistently strong game throughout, and deserved all he got, but Douglas was too much for him, as, when in good shape, he still is for any American amateur.

The boating situation is becoming more and more interesting every day. The rowing world will enjoy this year a set of contests which have not been equalled for years. The men who are coaching the various crews have reputations at stake this year in a fashion which may make or mar them for future work.

In races at home there will be the annual one between Yale and Harvard at New London on the Thames, which will be rowed on the 27th of June. There will also be the Poughkeepsie race on the Hudson, in which five crews at least will contest.

But undoubtedly the most general interest centres in the international contest of the year, when a crew representing the University of Pennsylvania journeys to Henley to try conclusions with the Englishmen. Up to the time of the contests between a crew representing the Annapolis Naval Academy and, first, Yale's second crew, and after that Pennsylvania's Henley eight, the general opinion among rowing men was that the Pennsylvania eight would defeat Annapolis decisively. As a matter of fact, the two had a most terrific struggle, and the best Pennsylvania could do was to defeat the middies by a quarter of a boat length. The history of the race is brief but startling.

It is an important necessity for any crew that goes to the Henley regatta to be able to get a good rowing start. The entire course is only a little over a mile, and a poor start to a crew is almost like a poor start to a runner in a 220 dash. In this race at Annapolis, the middies caught the water first with a stroke of 19 to the half minute, against Pennsylvania's 18, securing a slight lead, which they held throughout the race until within 250 yards of the finish. At this point the Pennsylvania crew made a most terrific spurt and got their boat ahead, and almost opened up clear water, but not quite. The Cadets responded, it is true, but the spurt of their opponents had been so sudden and so terrific that Pennsylvania had actually secured a commanding lead before the Annapolis crew had realized what had happened. Then came a hard struggle, in which the middies rowed down three-quarters of the lead, and were only beaten out by a quarter of a length. It is very true that Annapolis has a good crew, and that the time they made, both in the Yale race and in the Pennsylvania race, was first class. But it is hardly to be expected that there are three crews in this country—and that, too, outside of the 'varsity' crews of Harvard, Yale, Wisconsin, Cornell, and Columbia—who could win the Henley race. Yet, if Pennsylvania is to win the Henley race—and Annapolis is within a quarter of a length of Pennsylvania, and the Yale second crew is so

close as to be only a few feet behind Annapolis—then the situation is that Annapolis, Yale's second crew and the University of Pennsylvania are so close together that any one of them might stand a chance at Henley. It is this reasoning that has in a measure taken away the confidence in Pennsylvania's chances. Those, however, who have figured it out in this way have perhaps failed to take into consideration one very important factor, and that is that in all probability such a coach and general as Ellis Ward will count on keeping his crew improving daily, at any rate up to the time of starting for the ocean trip. For this reason he may not have taken the crew along as fast as Annapolis has been carried, or even as the Yale second crew; for it is a notorious fact among those who are posted in rowing matters that Yale crews, both university and second, have been taken along faster this year than ever before, and are considerably further ahead in point of development to-day than most of the crews have been in the past when they have left for New London or Poughkeepsie. It is upon this point alone that comparison fails, and one may reasonably conclude that the month between the Pennsylvania-Annapolis race and the sailing of the Pennsylvania crew will improve the Pennsylvania Henley eight a good half minute, if not more, on a two-mile race.

The Pennsylvania Henley crew, with their age, weight and height on the day they rowed Annapolis, sat as follows:

NAME	AGE	WEIGHT	HEIGHT
Zane, bow	19	160	5 ft. 10
Eisenbrey, 2	18	158	6 ft.
Kuhnmuench, 3	21	170	6 ft.
Crowther, 4	21	174	6 ft. 1
Fickwiler, 5	22	172	5 ft. 11
Allyn, 6	21	175	6 ft. 1
W. Gardiner, 7	21	167	5 ft. 10
J. Gardiner, Stroke	23	154	5 ft. 9
Smith, coxswain, weighed 131 pounds.			

From these figures it can be seen that the crew is a remarkably well-balanced one, the weight well distributed, and the height also prettily placed. If age can be considered as a factor, it is also, as was determined in the case of one of Cornell's best crews, a most excellent thing that Pennsylvania has a mature man at stroke. Gardiner is twenty-three years old, remarkably steady and muscular. Youth in the shape of Eisenbrey and Zane is in the bow, where, if it became a question of excitement, irregularity will not have such a disastrous effect upon the crew as if it were further aft.

The contract which they undertake in going up against such seasoned and selected crews as the Englishmen will certainly put forward at the Henley regatta is one that is liable to make a coach lie awake nights considering it. But so far as make-up of men is concerned, Ward has the chance of a lifetime. More than that, there is enough veteran material in the boat to steady the younger men and keep them in form.

The most serious part of the undertaking is, as all those realize who have taken crews and teams across the water, the absolute necessity of keeping the men in physical condition after they get on the other side. This has been demonstrated so often that it needs no proof to-day. Cornell, when they lost at Henley, had sick men in the boat. Another crew, after winning a heat practically as they pleased and demonstrating their remarkable superiority, had a sick man at No. 2 in the next heat which cost them the race. Track teams which have visited England have in several instances found their best men out of shape when it came to the contest. Burke, as good a half-miler as ever wore the spiked shoe, was simply distanced in the International games at the Queen's Club, London, by men who could not come within seconds of his record. It may not be generally known, but it is a fact, that in the Henley regatta the same crew that rows in the first heat must row through all the heats and the final. No change is allowed in the boat after the crew lines up for the start at the first heat. Consequently, while, in track meetings, one man may lose a single event; in the Henley races, a sick man means the loss of the contest even though the crew may have won its first heat decisively. Ward's problem, then, must be to bring his men fast up to the time of leaving for England, and then in the short period remaining there keep them as fit physically as possible. Failing to do this, sure defeat faces him.

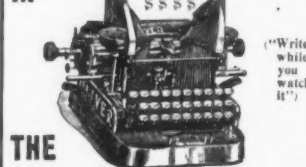
The new shell which is to be used at Henley has been launched, and the boat has been christened *America*. When the boat lines up to start in the Henley race it will have a red and blue flag in the bow and an American flag in the stern, and the best wishes of the rowing men on this side of the water will go with the eight most heavily.

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK)

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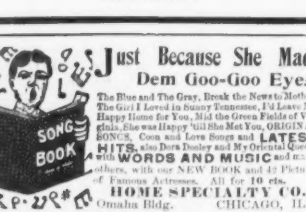
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THE CAMERA IN WAR

IN THE past two years photography has assumed an importance on the battlefield never before imagined; and the camera in different forms will become a necessary adjunct of every well-organized war department. When hostilities broke out between this country and Spain the camera was used mostly as an instrument for newspaper and magazine work, and every correspondent carried one with him. It was during this campaign that it was raised from a mere plaything to an instrument of inestimable value to the army officers. The daring correspondents who passed through the lines of the enemy, or ventured close enough to them to snap pictures of the pickets, furnished the officers with details of surroundings which greatly facilitated future maneuvers. It was found that the camera was a more faithful and reliable scout than the keenest and bravest of the professional spies.

PHOTOGRAPHING AT LONG RANGE

When the English army went to South Africa they carried with them professional army photographers. These were provided with compound telephotographic lenses, which enabled the operator to bring a distant picture much nearer than by ordinary photography. The "telephoto attachment" was first applied to photographing mountain passes by explorers, and by means of it distant, inaccessible peaks could be reproduced as though they were at close range. The application of this invention to the war cameras marked a revolution in modern scouting and observation. From balloons two or three thousand feet in the air exact reproductions of the surrounding country could be made on a scale sufficiently large to enable the officers to make good use of the knowledge. The English army under Lord Roberts prepared charts of the enemy's position and of the topography of the mountainous country better than if scouts had penetrated through the lines of the Boers and made rough diagrams. It completely revolutionized past methods of studying the country, which at any time might become a bloody battlefield.

TAKING PICTURES UNDER WATER

Through the Filipino war the camera likewise proved of more actual service than ever before, and it was constantly developed as an instrument of daily service to the officers. The modern electric signals and telegraphy hardly assumed more importance in the Philippines than the camera. But for that matter electrical and photographic development go hand in hand, and the two have been combined in many ways. Rapid electrical photography has been used by our official army photographers in both the Philippines and in China. Photography under water has also proved of service to our navy. When the *Oregon* was grounded on the rock in the Far Eastern waters, a photograph under the water was taken to show the exact location of the rock and the nature of the wound to the external shell of the boat. It also revealed the exact nature of her position, so that it could be decided whether it would be advisable to haul her off by the stern. The pictures thus taken of the battleship will prove of imperishable value to the Navy Department and will serve as a concrete study of marine accidents.

Every war correspondent and most officers carry a camera with them now, but the official photographer of each expedition is the man who is held responsible for a reproduction of everything of value. When the present difficulties in and about the Philippines end, the War Department at Washington will have many thousand official pictures to file away and preserve. These photographs will eventually appear in the official war reports of the whole campaign.

BOER WAR STORIES

COLONEL ARTHUR LYNCH of the famous Irish Brigade, formerly Special Correspondent of COLLIER'S WEEKLY with the Boer army, in a forthcoming book relates the following anecdotes:

BULLET-PROOF BURGHERS

The best of the Boers fired not only very accurately, but very quickly, and I have known a burgher to bring down a soldier, firing while sitting in the saddle, holding the rifle with one hand and the bridle with the other.

As to recovery from wounds, I can cite some curious cases. One burgher recovered after a Lee-Metford bullet had gone clean through his brain, entering at one side of the head and passing out through the other. I knew another case in which this happened, and where the patient, an Irishman, had got on so well that he used to stroll about the streets of Pretoria, or even dance a jig. He got into a drinking bout, however, one day, and that was the beginning of the end.

I saw a man whose jaw was smashed in three places, but who soon recovered. I knew another whose leg was so badly shattered

that it had to be amputated subsequently, but who sat stolidly loading his Mauser and blazing away at the enemy. One of the most curious cases I know of, however, was that of a man who received a bullet in the middle of the forehead. By a happy combination of the thickness of the skull and the inclination of the bullet, the missile did not enter the man's brain, but circled round his head to the original point of impact, scoring off skin and hair in its passage, and so furnishing him with a crown more curious and more durable than that of laurel.

A MAD ARTIST

Another curious member of my brigade was a mad artist. He used to spend his spare time drawing, with various-colored chalks, the most extraordinary pictures I ever saw, filled with a fantastic imagination. He used to prize these productions enormously, and I believe he thought that one day they would win him fame. Now on a certain occasion my brigade occupied an exposed position, and it was intended to make a stand. Subsequently a range of hills further westward was selected as a better line, and my troop was left high and dry, and the English in vast force were coming rapidly on. Receiving the order to retreat, we soon had everything in readiness, and I was about to mount my horse. The shells were already falling about us, and some rifle practice had taken place and some men had been killed. Just at that critical moment my mad artist sallied from under a wagon and came up to me. He was calmly indifferent to shell and bullet. In his hand he held a strange cartoon.

"Colonel," he said, "I hope you will like that one!"

He also later paid the forfeit of his innocent but dauntless courage.

KAFFIR SLAVES

The cheeriest individuals about the laager were the Kaffir boys. They were virtually slaves, though we did not call them so. We "commandeered" them, we did not pay them, and that for a good reason, viz., that, contrary to what has been said, none of our men were mercenaries. Neither I nor, of course, any of the troopers received or asked a penny of pay. Therefore, I did not pay my Kaffirs, of whom I had about a score to do the menial work of the camp and to look after my horses and those of my officers. Now there is something in the black—at least in those climates—that makes him content to be a slave. Service implies protection, and that is a condition he perfectly appreciates. One of my boys, Pete, was a black hero. He would go through anything—fighting (of course in a passive way, but that is the most difficult trial), fatigue, hunger and thirst; yet he would never utter a word or give a sign of complaint. On the whole, he liked fighting best, for he was of one of the tribes of Zulul.

I would like to give a chapter on Pete, but I will now mention only one curious detail. He told me the real meaning of the word "impi," usually employed by war correspondents, who want to show how deep they have gone, as equivalent to *horde*, or *troop*, or "commando" of Kaffirs. I asked Pete what it meant. He opened wide his mouth and showed his ivory teeth; his yellow eyes opened also with wonder and rolled in their sockets, and he laughed. "Impi," said he, with a deep, thick utterance, "that is WAR." And the way Pete brought out the word WAR made me feel that impi or war to Pete was the summation of everything that made life terrible, and yet all that made life worth living.

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EXCESS SECURITY TO Policy-holders,	4,543,126.81
SURPLUS,	3,543,126.81
Paid to Policy-holders since 1864,	42,643,384.92
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Life Insurance in Force,	109,019,851.00

GAINS FOR THE YEAR 1900:

IN ASSETS,	\$3,107,819.98
IN INSURANCE IN FORCE (Life Department Only),	8,685,297.06
INCREASE IN RESERVES (Both Departments), (3 1/2 % basis),	2,484,392.52
PREMIUMS COLLECTED,	6,800,888.55

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1901

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No. 1.	\$3.00	Regular Price \$5.00
1 Wicker Pint Syphon		
2 boxes Pint SPARKLETS		
1 bottle Vichy Tablets		
1 " Citrate of Magnesia Tablets		
1 " Raspberry Syrup (4 oz.)		
1 " Strawberry " "		
1 " Root Beer " "		
1 " Sarsaparilla " "		
1 " Ginger Ale " "		
1 " Vanilla " "		

No. 2.	\$5.00	Regular Price \$7.60
1 German Silver Quart Syphon		
4 boxes Quart SPARKLETS		
1 bottle Vichy Tablets		
1 " Seltzer " "		
1 " Citrate of Magnesia Tablets		
1 " Bicarbonate of Soda		
1 " Raspberry Syrup (8 oz.)		
1 " Strawberry " "		
1 " Root Beer " "		
1 " Sarsaparilla " "		
1 " Ginger Ale " "		
1 " Vanilla " "		

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